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Travels in Europe and Northern Africa

Literary Digest Party of 1900

By MRS. W. G. ROSE
CLEVELAND, OHIO

TRAVELS IN EUROPE

. . . AND . . .

NORTHERN AFRICA.

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

By MRS. W. G. ROSE,

CLEVELAND, O.

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DEDICATION.

This book is dedicated to the Cleveland Health Protective Association, which has pleaded successfully for waste paper boxes, disposal of garbage, and an abatement of the smoke nuisance. It now hopes to have enough lamps lighted to protect the citizens at night; and steam heat for factories and dwelling houses from a steam company, as is done in many smaller cities. The Society has issued a cook book of 262 pages, giving simple rules for every- day cooking, furnished by the members.

PREFACE.

We could have named this book "Eighty Travelers in Europe" under the guidance of the Literary Digest Co. of Gaze, which has kindly lent us one-half of our illustrations, and to which we now return most sincere thanks. The others were of our own snap shots in Rome, or from photographs obtained at the places visited. Two other records of the tour have been issued, showing that it was greatly appreciated. The roster represented twenty-two states and was composed of judges, lawyers, ex-mayors, business men, physicians, merchants and their wives, and about thirty young people, including boys and girls at eleven, fourteen and fifteen years of age, and their mothers and grandmothers. Mr. Eugene Thwing, the director, was indefatigable in his efforts to find lost baggage and promote the general comfort of the party, many of which formed friendships that will never be forgotten.

We could have named our little book "The Innocents Returned" and included in it the accidents to baggage, the protests against rooms, the change of couriers, and the extra grip sacks when the ones lost were restored, the attack of la grippe and the kindly offer of all the remedies of the company. We also had a "Cœlebs in search of a wife" whose income, he said, was $200,000 annually, and who spent less for extras than any one else in the party. We had ranchmen from Arizona, chemists from Dakota, pioneers from California, whose fathers ran the stage for the forty-niners, a professor of Columbia University, and such a clear-headed and strong-minded set of people that the couriers of nineteen years could not palm off any of their old ways upon them. But these incidents were not what we traveled for, and we therefore give a woman's view of scenes and places as they impressed us.

MATTIE PARMELEE ROSE.

European Tour

OF THE

LITERARY DIGEST PARTY.

CHAPTER I.

Cork, Lakes of Killarney, Dublin.

THE tour of the Literary Digest Party was inaugurated by a banquet at the Park Avenue Hotel, New York, July 6th, 1900, about one-half of the number that was to make up the company being present. After a ten course dinner had been served, I. N. Funk, of the Literary Digest, acting as toastmaster, spoke of what we could anticipate in the Paris Exposition, the Passion Play, at Oberammergau, and other scenes in the historic countries to be visited. Editor Wagnalls gave an account of his first ascent of the Alps, saying the alpenstock used was so strong that it could be placed with each end upon a chair and sat upon without breaking. Others spoke, but their voices were lost in strains of music coming from outside the banquet room. Saturday, the day we sailed, was as warm as only a New York summer knows how to

be, but a merry company was ready for adventure and fatigue in any form.

The steamer Etruria, on which we embarked, had three other tourist parties on board, all full of life and enthusiasm. There were those who had crossed the Atlantic as many as thirty times; one who had rounded the Cape of Good Hope; another who could tell of Florida; some, of the White Mountains or of the pyramids of Egypt, and all were glad to exchange thoughts on the pleasures of travel. The Sabbath witnessed a crowded dining-room, for divine service, which was read by the captain of the steamer, from the Episcopal ritual. At breakfast two sittings were allowed; the first, to accommodate those who arose with the sun, and the last, for those of later habit. The menu was excellent; apples, peaches, plums, pineapples and raspberries; and meats, bread and cakes in great variety.

As we sat on the deck and looked out over the smooth surface of the ocean, dotted only by small flecks of foam, the general conversation was very much enlivened by the young men and women, from sixteen to twenty, who were among the passengers. "What you put into the first of life, you put into the whole of life" is a very true statement; and the ocean furnishes many instructive object lessons for the young. To see the ocean is to understand its vastness, and to watch the working of the great steam engine awakens thought on mechanism and power.

And when the test of knowledge comes, it is so much better to be able to say, "Yes, I remember what it is," than simply, "I have studied about it." Actual sight will give the mind more understanding in a year than mere descriptions will in four.

A reading circle was formed soon after we left New York,

and the Passion Play was read, as well as newspaper and magazine articles bearing on the route to be taken.

On Wednesday evening, a mimic law court was enacted, lawyers and doctors taking part and a jury being empaneled. The case was one of larceny, being the stealing of two silver hat pins, set with small diamonds and valued at ten pounds. Both the prosecution and defence were very funny and brought out a good deal of ability on the part of the attorneys. After the performance, the passengers seemed better acquainted than a week's voyage without such incidents would have made them.

The library of the Etruria was well filled with good books, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Hume's Detective Stories and Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland being samples of their character.

As we neared the coast of Ireland, several detours from the route were suggested, some wishing to visit Windsor Castle, some Holland and some Italy.

Queenstown harbor is protected by two immense forts, has ten square miles of surface, and is the finest in Great Britain. Six miles from it is Monkstown, which has a castle that was built by a woman, and as she paid for it in goods, all excepting one groat, the inhabitants in its vicinity say that it cost but a groat.

Cork has a wall built by the Danes, in the 9th century, and a cathedral built on the site of a pagan temple, in the 7th century. Desmond McCarthy surrendered this cathedral to Henry II in 1172; Cromwell took it in 1649 and Marlborough, in 1690. This is the edifice where William Penn became a Quaker, through the preaching of Thomas Lee. The bells of Shandon

are in the tower of St. Ann's Church, built in 1772. Victoria Park contains 140 acres.

The ride of eight miles to Blarney Castle was made in omnibuses and jaunting cars. When we alighted at Blarney village, women met us with strawberries of a most delicious flavor, which they sold for threepence per pint and presented to us on leaves of the grape vine. Gooseberries, both ripe and green, of great size, were also offered us and were served in the same manner. To reach the castle, we had to cross a rustic bridge and then a campus, dotted here and there with large chestnut trees, under which were seats; making a good place for tournaments and giving the castle a hospitable appearance. We followed a wide path up a hill, as the lower windows of the castle were barred, and entered the tower, with its spiral stairway of 120 feet. As you go upward, corridors lead off to different parts of the building. At the top, where you reach down to kiss the Blarney Stone, two iron rods extend the entire side of the tower. In explanation of their use, we were told that between them stones could be let fall on the heads of invaders below; and, also, that the triangle by each long, narrow window was so placed to enable the inmates to send arrows from both sides, while those shooting from without would have little chance of getting even one arrow to enter the small opening. Ivy was creeping across the walls from without, and as we looked over the battlements, we could see a wing, two stories high, which had a bay window, and three large, long windows on each side, similar to houses of the present century.

Blarney Castle.

All but one of our party, of eighty persons, made the ascent

of Blarney Castle, and a dozen were held by the feet while they reached under the arch and kissed the Blarney Stone. The guardsman at the rustic bridge said the castle was built in the 15th century, by Cormac McCarthy, one of the petty kings of Ireland.

At Blarney village, we saw "National School" on a low two-story building, which had white sash curtains at the lower, and boxes of flowers at the upper windows, giving it a cozy appearance. As our three omnibuses and six jaunting cars, over one of which "Old Glory" floated, passed along the streets, the pedestrians gazed and smiled upon us in good natured wonder, and as we approached Cork, we saw flocks of sheep and herds of goats and other cattle being driven along the same road over which we passed.

The Imperial Hotel, at Cork, gave us a meat luncheon, but for a cup of coffee, we had to pay sixpence (12 cents) each. We left for Killarney at four o'clock in the afternoon, arriving at six. The next morning at ten we drove through the village of Killarney, past an Episcopal and a Catholic church, both of which were built of grey granite, and entered an arch of lime and ash trees, the bark on the trunks of which was covered with green mold. The great branches spread over us, making a roof of green. On either side was a wall five feet high, built, we were told, three hundred years ago. The stones of the top row were placed edgewise and the interstices filled with earth, and upon this grass was growing and English ivy was matted for a foot or more. Through openings in the trees, made on either side, we caught glimpses of vistas of sloping meadow-land and green hills draped in purple. We passed the residence occupied by Queen

Victoria in 1861, which is of a pale yellow color, also a cottage used by her, with grounds sloping down to the water's edge.

Holly trees, yew trees and laurel bushes hedged us in. After a two hours' ride, we approached Muckross Abbey, which was founded in 1440 and rebuilt in 1602. These cathedrals, Inverness, Ross and others, were destroyed by Cromwell. The windows are long and narrow and the ceilings lofty. On one side of Muckross is a room without a roof and in it grows a huge yew tree, which was planted when the castle was first being built. A marvellous way of preserving the age of a cathedral.

Some queer epitaphs were to be seen on metal or marble slabs on the walls of some rooms. One Stephen Coppenger says of his wife Helen, "Her solid understanding, her judicious thoughts diffused charity and true piety and adherence to the Christian religion, the charity which she never ceased to perform, rendered her an object of admiration to all who had the happiness to know her. She lived and died the ninth of August, 1802." A similar one was to the memory of one Mary Delaney, who died January 13, 1737.

Lunch was served at noon within sight of the oldest bridge in Ireland, which consisted of one stone arch. One-half of our party came by boat and met us near this bridge, which is opposite Brandon cottage, so noted in Churchill's late novel, "When Knighthood was in Flower." Three boats took us across the Killarney lakes, while a cornetist played "The Star Spangled Banner," "Annie Laurie" and other melodies. The music was perfect, bringing out the sad tones of the Scotch songs with much pathos.

At Inverness we were drenched with rain, having to seek shelter in the deep doorways and under the trees. Fortunately,

the shower soon passed and as we rode to Ross Castle our boatman told us of the castle of the Earl of Kenmere, whose owner lives in Grosvenor Square, London, nine months of the year. Kenmore Castle is a modern structure of red stone. The boatman showed us the pulpit-rock, where O'Donahue comes back to preach in the Irish tongue. We also passed the rock of Colleen Bawn, then landing at Castle Ross, which is the best preserved of the older castles. Here strawberries and gooseberries were again offered for sale, and also jewelry made of bog-wood. Many sales were made to the half of our party that was waiting for the carriages, which had gone to the hotel with the other half.

Great bushes of blooming rhododendron, the rose of Sharon, the yellow blossoms of the shamrock and the blue of the heather made the country beautiful, suggesting the question, "Why is Ireland forsaken by its youth?"

Our coachman said the stronger among the young men had gone to the war in South Africa, and an old man told us that seven of his children were in America, coming home occasionally on a visit, only to return again.

The ride to Dublin was through fields in a state of perfect cultivation, small patches of wheat, oats and potatoes being on either side. Sleek cattle, in herds of ten, twelve and in one case thirty-five, were grazing in the fields. A few one-story cottages were to be seen, but no barns for the great quantity of grass which was ready for the sickle and which must be preserved in stacks. The dividing fences were either hedges or ridges of earth covered with ivy.

As we sat at table at the Great Southern Hotel at Killarney, a landlord of Sherwood Forest said, "The poor do not own a foot of land, and if they did, they would soon spend it in drink."

But to be always a tenant, with nine-tenths of the profit going as rental; to see no day in the future when one could be independent, seems enough to make the bravest heart seek in the bottle the pleasure that lasts but for the moment.

On our way to Dublin the cars shot through distance like a cannon ball. A passenger counted the mile-stones, and the record was sixty to sixty-five miles an hour. We landed in a downpour of rain, having passed the only dry day in two weeks at Killarney. Later, we drove out to St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is on the same ground on which St. Patrick built one. It is of grey stone. The interior is surrounded by a corridor, in which are many monuments, the finest being that of Archbishop Whately. Red tiles cover the floor. We next visited Phoenix Park, which contains 175 acres. In it is a monument to Wellington and also one to Lord Carlisle.

The houses of Dublin, made of brick and stone, look as though they would withstand the ravages of all time; fires would have little to feed upon. Our meals at "The Maples" were wholesome, consisting, in part, of good bread, and butter without salt, good coffee, delicious strawberry jam and orange marmalade; but they were served in a very informal manner, the dishes being passed, for all to help themselves.

CHAPTER II.

Glasgow, Edinburgh, Abbottsford.

AS we crossed the Irish Channel to Glasgow, we passed Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, which was on the right, the seat of Hamilton and the place of Brandon being on the left. The Central Station Hotel, at Glasgow, is one of the finest in Great Britain, having three hundred rooms and the best of service. In our ride about the city, we saw such signs over shop doorways as "Fruiterer and Flowers," "Tea Blender," "Fish Monger," "Family Butcher," etc., showing a variation from American ways. Glasgow's Town Hall and the statues of Scott and Robert Peel were among the marks of interest.

The Cathedral of St. Mungo is near the Acropolis, which stands on a high knoll, topped with the statue of John Knox. The cathedral has a "bridge of sighs," so-called, which passes over the railroad track, connecting the burial grounds with the building. In the churchyard are many tombstones, which lie flat upon the ground, and are inscribed with this sort of epitaph: "Mr. Peter Ross Wright, a rope maker, now the property of Daniel McCorkel." "James Barr, clothier." "Alexander Scott, writer, ground 7-5 feet, died 1861, aged 76 years."

The cathedral building is of pure Gothic architecture and was 250 years in construction, having been begun in 1666. It is four stories high, and as you enter you feel its loftiness, although from an outside view you do not get the same impression. The stained glass windows are lessons from the Bible. One

represented the prodigal son. In the first section was the pig he was feeding; in the next, himself in prayer, with an angel hovering over him; in the third, his father welcoming him as he returned home, and in the last, the fatted calf, with the prodigal's surly brother in the background. The interior is very much like that of a Catholic cathedral, a corridor running around the second story and being called "The Nun's Walk." Plain glass windows let in the light. Services are held in this cathedral every Sabbath by the Presbyterians. Only two other churches survived the period of the Reformation.

We took cars down along the river Clyde to the Scottish lakes, where we found the pleasure boats around the eleven isles that dot them, crowded with excursionists. This was because of the vacation of two weeks that is given in July to employes. We there could study the typical Scotch character, with the red cheeks and the bonny blue eyes. Pure air, and plenty of it, must account for this highland characteristic. The hills around Lake Katrine are terraced by nature and the grass upon them is of a velvety green. Ellen's Isle, which contains but a few acres, is so densely wooded as to entirely hide the ground from view.

Our boat, the Adder, stopped at many landings where were refreshment booths and swings, and from which bicycle paths led away, very much as at our home resorts. We soon reached our place for disembarking and, near a waterfall, entered our high "brakes" or omnibusses—built with high seats to allow room for hand bags below—and took a ride of eight miles along the banks of the swiftly running stream. Then, as we were not booked for lunch at the first hotel we saw, we went on board another steamer, sailed across a second lake, took another ride, this time of four miles, and finally alighted at a hotel called "The

Trossachs.'' As it was three o'clock, our hungry crowd was scolding, but savory soups, roast beef with cabbage, potatoes and peas, followed by oat cakes with orange marmalade, soon brought quiet. The diet was not the same we had been accustomed to, coffee being served only at breakfast without extra charge, and no fruit being visible. However, the pure air had given us appetites, and we were a merry lot.

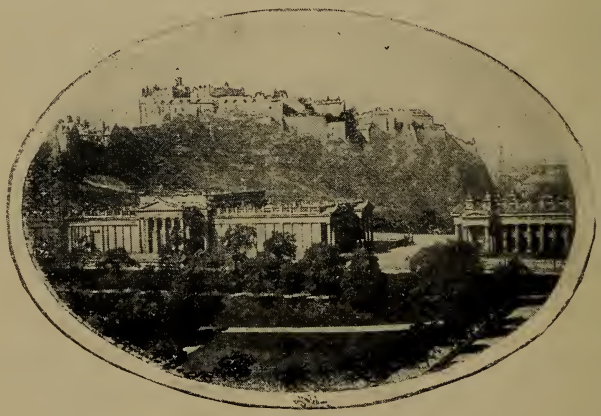
After lunch, we again mounted our vehicles, which, by the way, we had to do by step-ladders, and as we passed along, we saw pheasants in little cotes, where they were being raised for market, large, fine sheep and fat cattle not unlike those from Texas. At last we were glad to roll down the steep hills to Callender, which is a village of one street, every house on which is of stone, two stories high and with most beautiful grounds of flowers and shrubs.

A ride of forty miles brought us to Edinburgh, where dinner awaited us, it being six o'clock when we arrived. The meal consisted of soup, thick or thin, as we chose, roast beef with vegetables, Victoria pudding and cheese, but no tea or coffee unless ordered and paid for as extra at the table.

The morning after our arrival, the party climbed into six large ''brakes,'' containing from fifteen to twenty persons each, seats facing the front, with an aisle between the two rows, and went direct to Edinburgh Castle. The road wound gradually up a high ascent, and when we arrived, the highlanders, in red coats and short breeches, and short plaid hose, which showed their bare legs, gave us a royal salute with pipe and drum. The banquet room, where the two Douglas boys were killed, is now used as an armory. The youngest, David, was only twelve years of age. He had been invited, with a thousand others, to the feast, to be

companion of the King, and although friends pleaded with him not to accept, he did so, and there, with the other Douglas, was murdered. A large stone is over a door on the exterior of the castle, and as it gave out a hollow sound, it was removed and in a cavity was found the skeleton of an infant wrapped in cloth of gold.

Margaret's Chapel is the oldest edifice of the castle grounds, having been built in 1093. It is a one-story, gabled house, of stone. In it we purchased photographs, which were on sale. The view from the castle wall looks over the whole city. It is



Holyrood House.

two hundred feet above Edinburgh and six hundred above sea level. We next descended to St. Giles Cathedral, and passed the quarters for married soldiers. St. Giles, or John Knox' church, is large enough for four congregations, and is now divided to accommodate that many. The picture of Knox preaching to the people is brilliant with color and is said to represent the scene

where, when a collect was given out, Jane of Guise threw a stool at the dean and turned the tide of feeling against it, and thus greatly advanced the Reformation. A slab is on a pillar, giving an account of the occurrence.

Outside of St. Giles Cathedral is a raised platform, with a canopy, where proclamations of the city are announced. Opposite are the City Council Rooms. In an open court, well paved, is the grave of John Knox. An oval piece of brass on which is engraved "J. K. 1672" marks the place.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

After proceeding down the street in old Edinburgh where stands the red tiled house of John Knox, with its little porch on which he stood and preached to the people, we arrived at Holyrood Palace. This home of Mary, Queen of Scots is still kept as it was in her own desolate life. The portrait of Darnley, her second husband, represents a young man (he was four years the queen's junior) with long black locks hanging around a ruddy, but hatchet-featured face with most sinister eyes, and of small, straight form. It seems small wonder that Mary soon saw through his character and was obliged to ask the protection of David Rizzio, who, both a musician and her private secretary, was devoted to the Queen's service. Darnley's jealousy became so intense, as all readers of history know, that with the aid of dukes and earls who wanted to get rid of them both, he succeeded in accomplishing Rizzio's murder in the very pres-

ence of the queen. But his triumph was of short duration, as his own life was soon after ended by his being blown up by gunpowder in a building in which he lay ill with small-pox. Bothwell, who afterward became the husband of Mary, was the perpetrator of the deed. It is also related that Bothwell's treatment of Mary was such that at one time she was heard to cry out, "Kill me! I do not care to live."

We saw the stairway down which Rizzio's body was thrown, and the bed-room of Mary, which was afterwards used by Charles I. The tapestries, of Gobelin manufacture, are still preserved. The banquet room is lined with portraits of Scotland's distinguished men and women. In the chapel, we saw the brass plate on which is inscribled the death of Darnley. This wonderful Holyrood House is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the time in which it was erected.

Stirling Castle, which is thirty-four miles from Edinburgh, was next visited. The ride was by steam cars and only occupied about thirty minutes. Within sight of Stirling Castle is Wallace's monument, which is on a hill behind which he kept the main part of his army when the English crossed the bridge and made the attack. Those concealed came to the rescue and the English were many of them drowned in their efforts to retreat. The armor worn in those days, judging from actual appearance, would certainly have sunk anyone who attempted to swim a river. The view from Stirling Castle is fine, with the battle-field of Bannockburn in the distance. The room in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was born, for Stirling was her birth-place, is a very small one, but has two windows and a fire-place. The dungeons are large, and with but one window, each of which has a large tri-

angular sill, where, no doubt, the prisoner spent most of his time. We entered the royal cemetery and on one tomb saw the words: "Throne of Light, Word of God, Light and Truth," whatever they may have meant being doubtful.

As we came down the steep descent from Stirling village, we bought strawberries of very large size and the fine flavor of our wild ones at home, at the rate of two quarts for twenty-five cents. Edinburgh is a good place to shop in, being modern in every way. Its street cars carry a double number, not by the American way, but by having extra rows of seats on the top. The public parks are clean and attractive, and the monument of some noble citizen stands at nearly every street crossing.

Abbottsford.

The home of Walter Scott nestles in the hills, not showing itself until one is at the very gate. Other fine residences are on different knolls not far away, and are seen from a distance. After going down the driveway we ascended some steps and were at the front door, which opens upon a beautiful lawn with flowers of various hues in small oval or cresent-shaped beds. (We were in England at the time of rose blossoms and yellow calcolaria.) The room into which the front door opens is oblong, perhaps twelve by twenty feet. In it is a large mantel, upon which are three skulls. One is that of Robert Bruce, a head with a wonderful development of the posterior portion and larger than the others, which are those of men of less note. On a table is a marble bust of Wordsworth, which shows a long oval face, narrow at the chin and in an exceedingly pensive and contemplative mood.

Library at Abbottsford.

We passed on into the library, where, in the center of the room, was the chair Sir Walter Scott occupied while writing, and which stood before his table. From this room we entered another and larger library room, the whole containing many thousand volumes. In this room is the original bust of Scott, in marble, from which all others have been cast. In the alcove of a bay window looking out on adjacent hills, stood a circular table, and under a glass upon it were various presents that had been given to the author. A gold snuff box, portraits of Mrs. Scott, upon ivory, and locks of hair of Napoleon and Wellington were among the articles. Their arrangement was by Sir Walter himself.

In the next room visited were many portraits, one being of Scott's mother, whom he greatly resembles, and of whom an amusing story is told. It is said that when Sir Walter's father was a young man, his father placed a pair of spurs on the breakfast meat-platter and said: "You must provide meat for our table." In the effort to win his spurs, the son resorted to stealing some sheep, and being caught in the act, was arrested, but was promised release if he would marry the owner's daughter. Young Scott asked to see her, but her mouth was so large, he said he preferred to go to jail. When there, however, the young

lady's visits were frequent and kind, and he finally concluded she should be his wife. In the feature of the mouth, particularly, Sir Walter greatly resembles his mother.

Full length portraits of Scott's two daughters show them dressed in Highland costume. There is also a portrait of Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the grand-daughter who preserves Abbottsford so perfectly, but who was on the continent at the time of our visit. The portrait is of life size and represents Mrs. Scott seated in a chair and dressed in white satin, with an abundance of rich white lace on waist and skirt. She has an oval face with rather a sharp nose, but regular features and a pleasing, refined expression. Sir Walter's portrait is above a mantel-piece, and next to it is that of his wife, who was a Miss Carpenter. The latter was painted in the younger days of the original and represents her with dark hair and eyes.

On another side of the same room hung a life size portrait of Oliver Cromwell. He resembles a clergyman of the old school, with high, receding forehead, long, straight nose, hatchet-face, flushed with color, and sharp eyes with a far-away look in them, as though he might be contemplating what ought to and could be accomplished for the cause of God and humanity. The convents so corrupt, his look says, must be razed; the places where ambitious youths were being destroyed by unscrupulous monks, must be torn down, and their paraphernalia burned. We had but just come from Muckross Abbey and Inverness and Ross castles, in Ireland, where we had seen how complete the destruction had been. The evidence plainly shows that this man was used to accomplish God's designs. It was an inspiration to look at his portrait, and gave rise to the hope that another such man would be raised up in the 20th century to attack our breweries and

distilleries in the same way. No money can rebuild the human wrecks they make, the slaves to appetite they create. And their victims would help in their destruction; for, as a former Cleveland, Ohio, judge said when he voted the Prohibition ticket, "Would you not crush the serpent that bites you?" In another room, very like an armory, were the two pistols of Napoleon, taken at the battle of Waterloo, and over the doorway was a bas-relief of Scott.

CHAPTER III.

Chester Cathedral, London Museum, National Art Gallery.

E crowded into our vehicles, adjusted our umbrellas to shield us from the drippings of a heavy thunder shower that was on and proceeded to Melrose Abbey. The heart of Robert Bruce is buried here, that having been his wish. Melrose was once restored by Bruce, and was, consequently, dear to him. The carved window frames of stone are still intact; indeed, it is said that the stone out of which they are made is the hardest known. We went to a Melrose hotel for lunch, which was well prepared and bountiful. Strawberries, which were large and sweet, were served in their hulls.

A short walk brought us to the train. We entered a building, went up a flight of stairs and were on a platform close to the cars. These cars have two compartment; one of seats for four, opposite each other, and a smaller one with seats for one on each side of the doors. Our large company was thus divided into half dozens, and became well acquainted by the interchange of opinions, books and photographs.

Chester, which we reached at eight o'clock, is on the border of Wales, only one mile from the River Dee, which separates the two countries. It has the oldest cathedral in Great Britain, and a stone wall a mile and three-quarters in length, in a good state of preservation, still partly encircles the town. The old castle of the place, Derby, is now used as a barracks, and a street lined

with two-story shops is called "The Row." The upper stories of the shops have a porch upon which the stores open, making a business place above, and one below. In some instances the upper story projects over the sidewalk, giving a good view up and down the street. A large clock hung in the middle of the street, as we often see electric lights in America.

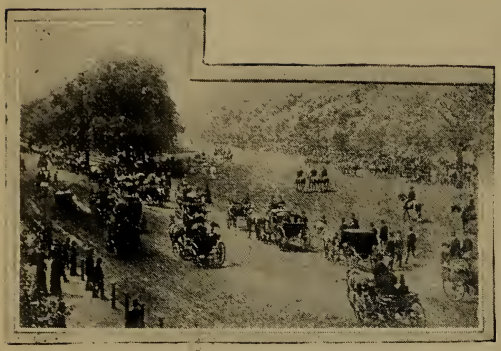
Gladstone's Church, Hawarden.

Sunday we went to Gladstone's church, at Hawarden, eight miles distant. Two omnibusses, each with three horses abreast, were filled with members of our party. The road was through Hough Green, a resident street of new, two-story, brick houses, with small yards filled with flower-beds and pebbled walks. We passed by trees of beech, maple and oak, and then through acres of pasture and grain lands to Broughton, the station where Gladstone took the cars for London; then past the Home For Indigent Poor, built by him, and then onto his estate. This estate was the dower of Mrs. Gladstone, who was a Miss Gwinne. In Hawarden village is a stone fountain, erected at the time of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's golden wedding, on one side of which is the bust of the great premier, and on the other that of his wife. Above the fountain is the inscription: "Drink ye the water." The fountain is arranged to accommodate both man and beast.

The cathedral stands at the end of a lane, and is substantial

looking. The services had begun, and a boy choir was chanting the responses. Stephen Gladstone, the rector, who is the son of the premier, was not present, but his assistant gave the sermon. It began thus: "Life, what is it? Science does not tell us what it is. Life is a mystery. The spirit returns to God who gave it. God calls it to enjoy His presence forever. But how is this to be gained? Not by wishing or praying, it must be by action. The woman spoken of in my text did more; she went to Christ, touched his garment, and was healed. There is a truth for us, we must ourselves draw near." The congregation was large and the collection plates well filled. The same evening we attended a concert of Mendelsohn's "Hymns of Praise," in the old cathedral of Chester. Every seat was filled and many were obliged to stand, although the cathedral seats three thousand. This was the first rehearsal of a festival lasting three days. The noted brass bands of Lancaster and the unequaled voices of York were trained by the organist, Mr. Bridges, whose brother is organist at Westminster Abbey. A lady lent us the use of the score, which we closely followed. The music was grand, yet smooth and sweet in its cadences. The great organ was used at the opening, and the vaulted roof and great space gave a volume of sound seldom heard. The lady previously spoken of had been a member of the cathedral choir for twenty-five years, and she told us that Archbishop Pearson, whose monument stood on one side of the aisle, had published many books, and had revised the creed of the Episcopal church. The revised creed, she said, was used in America, and Dean Howson had collected much money in our country with which to repair the Chester Cathedral. The Duke of Westminister had, she said, left a legacy for the same purpose.

The London Museum.



Pall Mall.

The London Museum, which is on Brompton Road, is a large, new building, with room for many more exhibits than it now has. As one enters, the statue of Thomas Henry Huxley, attracts the notice, the heavy eyebrows, prominent, indented chin and general appearance indicating a man of power. He was born in 1825 and died in 1895. At the entrance to the second gallery is the statue of Charles Darwin in a sitting posture. He, also, has heavy eyebrows, which hang over eyes that seem to recede into his head. He has a long beard and a wrinkled forehead, but withal a pleasing expression. Both of these gentlemen seem to greet the visitor, with their eyes, in a friendly way.

The large trees of California are represented by a section ninety feet in circumference, cut from a tree at a height of eighteen feet from the ground. Near a sign reading, "Adaptation of external covering to the conditions of life," were birds of the color of the yellow sand in which they were rollicking; a group of white birds and rabbits on white, chalky ground, and speckled birds on speckled ground. The remains of mastodons and many other prehistoric animals are in the wing to the left, and it would seem that at least inland waters must have been deeper and broader than now to have given room for such monsters to bathe or live in. And yet they were all made to master the conditions in which they were placed.

On the second floor were animals of the present day. Immense giraffes, that could browse on the leaves of tall trees, but must spread their fore legs apart to graze or drink. There were Indian buffaloes with horns peculiarly broad at the base and hair coming down on the forehead and parted in the middle, suggesting that they might have set the fashion for some women. There were also Japanese, Thibetan and polar bears and sloths and weasels.

In the exhibit of marble, there was the rare Persian blue marble. There was Deccan Indian foliage, in agate; cats-eye quartz and quartz from South Africa with stripes like a gold and black ribbon. Humming birds with bills that would reach into flower tubes six inches long, were among the rare sights. In fishes, there were the red finned king fish, the jelly fish, the sea anemone, the squid and other curiosities.

Albert Memorial.

Children of all ages and sizes were running through the halls of the museum and examining all the exhibits. There seemed to be no obstacles placed in the way of English children in gaining definite ideas in natural history and the classification of animals.

In the Albert Memorial, near Hyde Park, beside the groups at the corners representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America, there is, below the statue, which is in gold, a frieze of Homer playing the harp, while in a listening attitude are, Dante, Virgil, Cervantes, Molliere, Corneille, Ambrose, Guido, Rosini, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Bach, Handel,

Mozart, Hayden, Bartholomew, Tullis, Purcell, Auber, Necker, Rosseau, Sully and others.

National Art Gallery.

As we entered the Art Gallery a heavy shower occurred and lightning flashed over the windows in the ceiling. The artists ceased work, and the dark clouds made it difficult to see any but the brightest of the paintings. In the first gallery, on the left, is a portrait of Hogarth, near to one of his sister and many others he had painted. His ruddy cheeks and large, round face give him a youthful appearance. In the next room was a portrait of Gilbert Stewart, who might have passed for a younger brother of George Washington, and who made the picture of him, which is so universally admired. It was an idealized likeness, no doubt. Near the portrait of Stewart is that of Mrs. Siddons, which has been duplicated many times by artists. The youthful Christ embracing St. John, by Guido, was particularly attractive, from the fair, open countenance, regular features, light hair, oval face and modern appearance of Jesus, and the ruddy cheeks and natural look of St. John. Both appeared young and looked as though they might step from the canvas.

One of the visiting artists had painted a copy of two l ttle pug dogs so knowing looking and so bright in contrast of color as to make it as pretty as anything in sight. Landseer's Sleeping Bloodhound and a canine head by him were strikingly lifelike. Near these were Constable's landscapes, "The Hay Field," "The Valley" and "The Hay Wagon." They were dark with age, but exceedingly full of interest. Murillo's "Drinking Cup" shows a boy with a bottle of wine in one hand and a tumbler half full in the other, looking up at us from the canvas. It seems a

pity to immortalize a custom that tends to so much misery. The habit of using intoxicants is begun early in London, the absence of cool water and the usual table drinks used in America making it natural to resort to wine, beer or ale. The day of our visit to the art gallery was the first time we had been informed that we could have tea and coffee at all meals without extra charge.

We passed on to the room having a copy of the picture of the "Infant Jesus" by Salvator Rosa. The portrait has a dark green background, and Jesus is represented as a bright little boy looking intently at his mother. There is the plumpness of childish limbs, with dimples in the knees. The artist has represented only the boy—not the Christ, and if the picture graced the walls of a private residence it might easily be taken as that of a household pet. "History in canvas" may be the reason given for the existence of such paintings—or was it need of the money paid by the church to the artists? The collection of Turner occupied one large room, and some were being copied by different artists. This exhibition was fascinating, but seemed hardly of this world. There was a blinding effect of color that rendered outlines indistinct and made it impossible to view the pictures with pleasure, except at a distance. We did not need Ruskin to tell us of their worth, yet, no doubt, without his commendation they would not be estimated as highly as they are. There were portraits by Joshua Reynolds, and a very fine one of Gladstone.

CHAPTER IV.

Guilford, Kenilworth Castle, Warwick Castle.

Guilford.

EING a descendent of John Parmlin, now called Parmly, who joined the persecuted Hugenots in the Island of Guernsey and afterwards went to Guilford, England; and wishing to obtain some information regarding his son, John Parmlin, Jr., who came with the colony from Guilford to New Haven, Connecticut, early in the 17th century, I secured a pleasant traveling companion, in Miss Mabel Russell, and started from London, at Waterloo station, the ride to Guilford, being one of only two hours. On arriving, we went first to St. Mary's Church, which is a very old but well-preserved structure, cruciform in shape and with a square tower. The ceiling was high and the windows were of stained glass. On the walls were several brass tablets with inscriptions in black letters. One read: "To the glory of God and the loving memory of Zeb. Few, for years rector of this parish, died Sept. 18, 1879." Another was to "Mary Knowles, daughter of John and Mary Allen, aet 16 yrs. 1741." There was also one to "Philip Lovejoy," and one to "Harriet Lockwood."

We left the church, crossed a bridge and went up a street lined with stores and shops. A sign on a hotel read: "Pot of tea, roll and butter, 4d." In a book store we bought views of the place, and the lady in charge pointed the way to the old castle of the town, which was in a well kept park. The four gray walls were about forty feet high and in a fair state of preservation.

As we returned toward the railroad station a lady pointed out St. Nichol's Church, which is still older than St. Mary's. We entered a gateway and followed a diagonal path leading past numerous upright slabs (they are usually laid flat) to the door, which we opened by turning a big ring, and found ourselves in a quiet resting place. There were cushions for the knees when in prayer, one lying in front of each chair. There were no pews in these churches.

On the return trip to London I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Algernon Stewart, of Wickworth Hall, Goddenning, England, and have since had the pleasure of corresponding with her regarding the ancestral line of descent that took me to Guilford.

STRATFORD–ON–AVON.

Stratford-on-Avon is a market town in the southwestern part of Warwickshire, not far from London. William Shakespeare was born in the year of 1564, in a two-story gabled house on Henley street. The room we first entered was a butcher shop of his father John Shakespeare. A large fireplace is on one side, and a wooden staircase leads to the noted birth-room above. The small window-panes in this room have many autographs of distinguished visitors, among them those of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. The library, or museum, contains many mementoes besides Shakespeare's bust.

To the curator we said, "Whose grave is it, in the church yard, that bears the name of Rose?"

He replied, "My name is Rose," and when I said my husband was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London because his name was Rose, he replied, "That was Sir Philip Rose, the great friend of Lord Beaconsfield. It is a very common name in England."

New Place is where Shakespeare came to live in the days of his prosperity. The first tree he planted was a mulberry, and it was cut down by a Rev. Francis Gastnell, because he was so pestered by visitors desiring to see it.

Shakespeare lies buried in Trinity Church, the flagstone over the place bearing this inscription :

"Good friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be the man who spares these stones
And curst be he who moves my bones."

On the wall is the monumental bust by Gerard Johnson modeled from a cast taken after death. The eyes are light hazel and full-orbed, the hair auburn, the chin set, and forehead towering, the whole head being well poised and massive. When twelve years of age he attended, probably, the tournaments given by Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle for Queen Elizabeth. At 18 years he married, and two years later went to London because arrested for poaching on a nobleman's preserves.

A relative by the name of Green, engaged in Black Friars Theater, got him a situation as call-boy; and Goethe, speaking of him, said: "It is easy to understand the rapid strides with which a superior man reaches the summit in any career into which he has once obtained admission."

He went to London in 1584, and his first work appeared in 1590. It is thought he spent his time on works that were not his own, as one of the actors called him "An upstart crow beautified with our feathers." His manuscript contained scarcely an erasure.

At that time dramatic representations were the favorite amusements of the most distinguished men, and dramatic poetry

was numbered among the national pleasures; so Shakespeare made his plays the acts of kings and courtiers, where human life was made to pass before the view as a brilliant reflection of the real. Four years after obtaining Black Friars Theater he returned to Stratford and became a religious man. In two years he died, of what disease is not known. It is said he never bestowed much labor on either his work or his glory, and was vexed but little with a craving after success, being more inclined to doubt its value.

OXFORD.

Oxford is a city associated with great names. John Wickliffe here taught and thought, sowing the seeds that produced the Reformation. The first printing press in England was established here in 1468. The London Gazette, the oldest English newspaper, was established here in 1665. Latimer and Ridly were here burned at the stake. Erasmus studied at St. Mary's College; Jeremy Taylor at All Souls; John Wesley at Christchurch; Dr. Johnson and Whitfield were Pembroke men, and Henry V, Edward the Black Prince, and Edward VII each studied in one of the twenty-six colleges. A university library was first begun by arranging some chests in a room over the vaulted chamber east of the Tower of St. Mary's, in 1327. The present building was begun in 1445. Edward VI burned the books having a tendency to Romanism, and in 1597 Sir L. Bodley, of Merton College, refounded the library and named it the Bodleion; being persuaded he could not busy himself to any better purpose than by converting the place to the public use of students. It has 470,000 books and 26,000 manuscripts. A picture gallery contains a collection of portraits of university benefactors. A card says, "Touch what you like with your eyes, but do not see with your fingers."

We were in Christchurch dining hall, and looked with pleasure at two portraits done by Herkomer, father of a Cleveland artist. We passed through the broad walk lined with oak trees of great growth, saw the old school tower, the cloisters of the new college, and Addison's walk, and rode through High street to the Isis, where are many yachts of the students that are in the regattas on the Thames.

Kenilworth Castle.

Kenilworth Castle.

Kenilworth took its name from Kenelph, a Saxon King of Mercia. Henry I, son of William the Conqueror, granted the estate to his chamberlain, Geoffrey de Clinton, in 1115, and in 1120 Clinton built the keep and kitchen, the outer defences and moats, and the priory of St. Augustine. Henry II of Anjou and Normandy, in 1154, ordered all castles destroyed, but seized this castle and garrisoned it against his rebellious sons Henry and Richard, and held it for eight years. In 1175 Geoffrey de Clinton the younger had possession and built Lumm's tower and a great hall and chapel. In 1181 Henry II again seized the castle, but died in Normandy in 1189, Richard the Lion Hearted succeeding him. Henry, grandson of the founder, relinquished his right to the castle to King John in 1200, but had built the Swan tower, water tower, Mortimer's tower, gallery tower, tilt yard and bridges. Pope Adrian V resided in the castle in 1238.

In 1254, Henry III granted a lease of Kenilworth to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and his wife Eleanor, who was a sister of the king, for their lives; yet two years later, during the "war of the barons," he beseiged it. He was repulsed, however, and in 1264, after the battle of Lewes, he, with his brother Richard of Cornwall, and Robert Bruce were imprisoned in the castle by Sir Simon de Montfort. At the battle of Eversham, de Montfort was slain and his possessions confiscated to the king. The Pope's legate advised a parliament to be held at Kenilworth, and by common consent the bishops of six dioceses were empowered to choose six others and "do what was best for the peace and security of the land." Their decision was that those in open rebellion should have the privilege "to redeem their estates by pecuniary fines." This decision is called "The dictum de Kenilworth."

Two Knight Templars were imprisoned in the castle in 1307, and their shields are still seen cut in the stone of their prison. The deepest dungeon of the keep at Kenilworth held Edward II while his resignation of the crown in favor of his son, Edward III, was wrung from him; and Roger Mortimer revelled in the castle halls while his sovereign languished in its dungeons. In 1446 Eleanor Cobham, the "lively but unlucky Duchess of Gloucester," was imprisoned at Kenilworth, and about 1520 Henry VIII built his state apartments there.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, she made Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, Knight of the Garter, Master of Horse and member of the Privy Council, and gave him Kenilworth Castle; and many years afterwards when Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, Dudley, then Earl of Leicester, built a new bridge over the moat that she "might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden." The castle was again confiscated by

the crown in 1603, about the time of Elizabeth's death, and was given to Prince Henry, and later to Prince Charles. In 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded in the tower.

All this history had lent a charm to Kenilworth Castle before our party entered its arched gateway, walked through a lane bordered with blooming roses, then up a grassy lawn and saw its time-and-battled-scarred, but massive walls looming fifty feet high before us. As we approached, the broad surface showed but few openings for light, but around to the left we discovered that the walls were fully six feet thick, a man being able to lie at full length across a window sill. In Mervyn's tower a staircase formerly occupied each corner, but are now gone to decay.

Amy Robsart.

We passed through a grass-grown enclosure to Queen Elizabeth's rooms, which were in the second story of another building from that first inspected. A bay-window occupied the entire side of the main room and looked out on an open court, which had a place for a fountain. An open grate with chimney was on one

side, and a separate stairway led to this one room. Elizabeth could see the Earl of Leicester's building from her own. The Leicester building ran up five stories as square as a chimney. The lower room could well have been used as a dungeon. In the rear of Elizabeth's building was the octagon tower room where it is supposed Amy Robsart, Leicester's wife, was confined by him. It has an outlook on the open country. In an enclosed grass plat

Warwick Castle.

below we saw a company of children, with their teachers or nurses, enjoying a picnic.

The road from Kenilworth to Warwick Castle has been made historic from the many who have traversed in the past, the same broad way, fifty to seventy feet wide and hard as a floor. On one side are forest trees of great age, and on the other, well-tilled

farm lands. Some pretty villas were to be seen, one owned by a man who had made his money in the manufacture of pins, in Birmingham, and another who had made his fortune in lamps.

As we entered the grounds of Warwick Castle, a carriage containing Lady Warwick passed us. We noticed that she held the lines, wore gauntlets, and was beautiful.

We first saw Cæsar's tower, which has a clock and a sun-dial, and then walked around a circular drive to a grass plat where were pea-fowls in great numbers—standing like statues or spreading their gorgeous trains. Stray feathers were scattered about, which the children of the party gathered up as souvenirs. In cages were a raccoon, a monkey and other animals. A guide next took us to the entrance to the castle, where hung six large rifles in a row, and swords, spears and armor of all kinds. We then visited the room of Queen Anne, which has a portrait of her above the mantel, and full length portraits of Lord and Lady Brooke. Gobelin tapestries are on the walls, and pieces of inlaid and gilded furniture—wardrobes, chairs and sofas, are placed about the room. The "green room" came next, which is of a very delicate shade of green, with hard wood floor. Then came the "red room," the noticeable features of which were its portraits of noted people and heavy glass chandeliers. All the rooms were of medium size and very home-like in appearance. The rooms occupied by the family were not on exhibition.

We crossed a campus through exquisite flower gardens, to a building much like a conservatory, to see the Roman vase brought to England by the Earl of Warwick, and said to have been taken from a lake near Rome, then followed the drive to the gate and took our great wagons to Leamington Spa, the best watering place in England. In this town were stone villas hedged in with

holly or cedar, with bright flowers and graveled walks, and each having its name on one of the gate posts. It was easy to see the benefit of the high hedges as we drove into the yard at Manor House. Although on a dusty highway, it seemed as clean, cool and quiet as if in the country. Who cares to see carts, hacks and pedestrians, when one can see flowers, statuary and fountains, and trees with seats in their shade?

CHAPTER V.

Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, Canterbury Cathedral.

Westminster Abbey.

This ancient edifice, which has been the scene of many coronations and pompous pageants and was at one time the meeting place of Parliament, is one of the great attractions of London. It stands in front of an open park and close to London Bridge, where cabs and carriages pass in great numbers, making it easy of access. The first view of the exterior is somewhat dissappointing, as the dark gray stone of which it is built does not at once reveal the ornateness of its architecture. It stands on the site of a Benedictine monastery founded by St. Dunstan and built upon Thorny Island, a small area of land bounded on the east by the Thames, on the north and south by small streams running into the Thames and on the west by a moat. In 1065, Edward the Confessor replaced the simple monastery of St. Dunstan by a massive structure in the Norman style of architecture and cruciform in shape, which defied the lapse of time for 200 years. Some time in the early part of the 13th century, King Henry III razed the walls of this Norman structure and built a more magnificent one in honor of Edward, still holding to the cruciform shape, which has not been changed, although the building was in process of construction through several centuries and a number

of additions to it have been made. In Queen Elizabeth's time the name "Westminster Abbey" was changed to "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter;" the monastery having been dissolved and a college church established. But the time-honored edifice is still Westminster Abbey to England and all the world, and will, probably, always remain so.

For 300 years the House of Commons met in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. When the Abbey was dissolved, the Chapter House became national property, and was used as a record office up to 1863. In 1865 it was restored to its pristime splendor, and its beautiful windows are now filled with illustrations of English history as blended with that of the Abbey. In the days of the monastery, the abbot and his officers met weekly in this place to judge offenders, and punished such by scourging at a whipping post which then stood in the center of the room.

The old dormitory of the monks has been converted into a large hall called The Great School, and what is now called The College Hall was the dining-room of the monastery. The Chapter Library is an interesting collection gathered by Dean Williams, the last churchman who held the Great Seal of England, and who was both Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of York. There is also a "Jerusalem Chamber," once the abbot's parlor, and which got its name from the tapestry with which it was first hung, there having been scenes from the Holy Land represented upon it. In this room occurred the dramatic death of Henry IV.

As you enter the door between the two great towers, you find yourself in the Abbey nave, which is 166 feet long. To the left, in the Statemen's Corner, is the statue of Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister in 1834, then Admiral Warren, and then Lord

Beaconsfield, who asked not to be buried there, but whose statue is placed there to his memory. There is also a statue of William Pitt. To the right there is a gallery where are bas-reliefs of John and Charley Wesley, and where Major Andre, famous in English and infamous in American history, is immortalized. The poet's corner is on the opposite side, and in it are busts of famous poets, among them one of our own, Longfellow. There are, also, the tombs of Browning, Tennyson, Chaucer and many others.

As is well known, the Abbey is now noted as the burial place of famous men of all ranks and creeds and forms of genius. As we lingered in one of the galleries, some workingmen were changing the position of a body, the feet of which were wrapped in red flannel. We did not stop to see whose remains were being disturbed, but hastened on with an increased belief in cremation.

The chapel of Henry VII is a very fine structure, and in it are buried Mary, Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth and many others of the rulers of England. Wax effigies of noted persons were once borne at funerals, and were set up in the Abbey, often filling the place of permanent monuments. Of the eleven still preserved, that of Charles II stood for two centuries above his grave. The figure of Lord Nelson has on the very clothes he wore except the coat.

The Coronation Chair was made to the order of Edward I, and is said to contain the stone on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel. How much of truth or fable there may be in the story is not known, but that every sovereign of England since Edward I, excepting Edward V, has been crowned in this chair, is a matter of history. The coronation cermony is performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at its conclusion, the

sovereign ascends a throne raised for the purpose and receives the homage of the peers. The coronation of a ruler of England has no legal significance, however, as the succession of a new king or queen is instantaneous upon the death of a sovereign.

Houses of Parliament.

Houses of Parliament.

The present houses of Parliament stand on the site of the old Palace of Westminster, first built by Edward the Confessor and rebuilt later, but finally destroyed by fire in 1834. After the fire, which obliterated everything except the Great Hall, the cloisters and the crypt, architects and sculptors were engaged to erect an edifice fitted to enshrine England's new constitution. The result was the magnificent structures now called the Houses of Parliament, which cover eight acres of land and took thirteen years to prepare for occupancy. The main edifice has a tower at each extreme end, and a central one rising above an octagonal hall, where you enter to reach the House of Lords and of Commons.

One of the larger towers is called Victoria Tower, and in it are stored the original rolls of Parliament. The Clock Tower contains the old prisons, which are now but little used. The House of Lords is to the right, as you enter, and in it Parliament is opened by the sovereign. It is not only the superior house of legislation, but is the final court of appeals for the Kingdom. The House of Commons, which is to the left, is

purely a legislative body, having no jurisdiction as a court of justice. A pecular feature of this room is the manner of ventilating it. The floor is of iron and perforated to let the air through, the air first passing over muslin which is sprayed with water under the floor, thus taking up all the dust and impurities before the air is breathed.

The room used for nearly half a century by Queen Victoria as a robing room, has a figure of herself with a statue of Justice on one side, and one of Mercy on the other, showing, as her life did, that her idea of justice was true to the teaching that it should always be tempered with mercy.

Windsor Castle.

Windsor Castle.

To give a full account of Windsor Castle, would be to write the history of England, and space gives room for only a passing glimpse of this magnificent edifice and its beautiful grounds. It

is said that Edward the Confessor donated it to the monks as an offering for the remission of the sins of himself and all his relatives, and that William the Conqueror, being pleased with its beauty, took it as his residence, giving the monks the county of Essex in exchange. But tradition coming down through some nine centuries is so liable to change that little remains certain except the fact that Windsor existed in the 10th century, then being called Windleshore, from the winding of the Thames at this point, and that it stands to day one of the most beautiful of the homes of the sovereigns of England.

On one side of the castle is a broad drive with a stone wall separating it from a deep ravine, across which is seen the fine buildings of Eton school, and also its grounds, which are extensive and shaded by many old elms. On the east terrace are flowers and shrubs arranged in various forms. At one end are two white elephants in stone, sent from Lucknow, India. The late queen's apartments were on this side of the castle. Thirteen acres are given to gardens of flowers and shrubs, in which are quaint retreats; such as a Brahmin hut, an Italian temple, and a hermitage. A fine park containing some hundreds of acres of forest trees affords lovely shaded walks and drives.

The royal Tomb House under the Albert memorial chapel has the tombs of George III, George IV, William IV, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Charles Brandon, who married Mary Tudor, and was made Duke of Suffolk; the son of Empress Eugenie, slain in the African war in 1879; Princess Charlotte, only child of George IV; the Duke and Duchess of Kent, parents of Queen Victoria, and many others. It is, then, to Windsor as to Westminister we turn for the tombs of those noted in English history.

Why cannot the United States of America have a similar

mausoleum for its Presidents and inspire its people to acquaint themselves with its past?

Canterbury Cathedral.

This oldest and most beautiful of churches stands back of a small village with narrow streets, and two-story buildings of very quaint appearance. It is now the Mecca of all travelers, as it was of pilgrims centuries ago.

Canterbury Cathedral.

During the reign of Constantine, St. Martin's hill, the site of Canterbury, was occupied by Roman villas. Maximus was sent by Constantine to Great Britain, and Martin, who was an intimate friend of Maximus, was the founder of this cathedral. The venerable Bede states that it was built in honor of St. Martin. It fell into decay, and was restored by Queen Bertha, who married Ethelbert, King of Kent, in 449.

St. Augustine held missions at Canterbury in 597 A. D. The cathedral was ravaged by the Danes in the 11th century, but was repaired by the Normans, and in the 13th century it was rebuilt, in the early English style, during the reign either of King John or of Henry III. Its total length is 537 feet. The walls to the height of three or four feet are the actual walls of the Norman foundation.

The bishops sent by William the Conqueror, from 1070 to 1079 wished to make the cathedral like the stately structures they had been accustomed to on the continent, and the chalk hills near by lent their aid to the purpose, the exterior being faced with a cement made of this chalk mixed with flinty stones. The cement is like that of the Romans, and will endure for ages.

The building is of both Norman and Gothic architecture, and has been rebuilt, added to and improved many times. As we enter and see the vaulted ceiling and the polished arches reaching upward, we exclaim, "How beautiful!" But it must be seen to be comprehended; as no description would be adequate. We walked along the arched way for three hundred feet and then ascended on steps of white marble to the nave. A framed card which hung at the entrance said:

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this house of God, leave it not without a prayer to God for thyself and those who minister and those who worship here."

In the chapel of St. Andrew we were asked to register if we were of Hugenot descent. In this chapel were evidences of service at the present time, there being an organ, prayer books and cushioned chairs around the pulpit. A mellow light came through the yellow stained-glass windows, which were on two sides of the small, square room.

In 1850, during the first World's Fair, 100,000 persons visited this shrine. We were in the chapel restored, in white-and-gold, by the Prince of Wales, in 1897. It is seventy by ninety feet in size, and eighty feet high. The cathedral was visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1571. As the seat of the Archbishops, who, we were told, receive $75,000 per year, it is honored above all other cathedrals.

Interior Canterbury Cathedral.

We descended and inspected the undercroft, built in 1305. This is where St. Augustine held his services. It is fourteen feet high and extends the entire length of the church, brass lamps being hung at equal distances between the enormous pillars. We stood in the place to which Thomas-á-Becket fled and was struck down, lying five hours before his murderers came back to see how he fared. His skull had been fractured, and he was dead. His remains were kept here from 1170 to 1220, when they were placed

in the chapel above with great religious pomp and ceremony; yet, in 1888 a stone receptacle was found, containing a fractured skull, and bones of the size and age of those of Thomas-á-Becket, which created a good deal of wonder and some doubt as to whose remains rested in the chapel.

Several tombs were shown us, one of which had been studded with jewels to the amount of $3,000,000, all of them having now been removed. There was the tomb of Admiral Rooke, to whom was due the capture of Gibraltar; and that of Archbishop Warham, who was the last archbishop before the Reformation. Near the latter was the tomb of Archbishop Peckham, who presided over the convocation that recognized the king as head of the church instead of the pope. The tomb of the Black Prince is also there, in the center aisle, and over it hang his sur-coat, gloves, shield and scabbard. Next to it is that of Archbishop Courtney, before whom Wickliffe was brought for trial. On a wall is a Bible which is secured by a chain and is to be read only by the priest.

A brick structure covers the remains of Odet Coligney, Cardinal of Chantillon. His sympathies were with the cause of the Protestants, and he was obliged to flee to France. The cathedral shows the fate of others during the time of its partial destruction by Henry VIII. A memorial window to Dean Stanley has in it some of the glass of early manufacture. When asked the meaning of the feet of the queen resting on a dog, and the feet of the king on an eagle, the guide said the dog meant fidelity, and the eagle, ambition or expansion. At every point was posted this request: "Please give sixpence to the support and preservation of this church."

CHAPTER VI.

Amsterdam, Brussels, Waterloo

Holland.

E left the beautiful hotel Lord Warden at Dover, crossed the channel to Ostend and took train for Amsterdam. We were four hours in crossing, and as there were several tourist parties on board besides our own, every chair and place was taken. A cold wind was blowing, and all put on heavy wraps, some raising umbrellas to shield themselves from the chilling blast. A Canterbury guide-book received close attention from the writer; experience having shown that an occupied mind is a good safe-guard against sea-sickness. A lunch consisting of cold ham, bread and butter, cheese and hot tea was served to all.

At Ostend, our baggage had to be examined, but was passed without trouble. We went through a part of Flanders and Belgium, and although the cars thundered along rapidly, that did not prevent our having a view of the country. A flat country, with the emphasis on the "flat." Canals were to be seen only occasionally, but ditches were around and across every field. One-story white houses, with window sashes painted blue and roofs of red tiles with a row of white ones at the roof-tree for a border, were some of the residences. We stopped to dine at a wayside station that had been telegraphed to for our benefit, and found hot beef-steak, tender and well seasoned; cold roast beef, with lettuce salad; cake and tarts, cherries and green gage plums, and tea and coffee—the best meal since leaving the Etruria.

AMSTERDAM.

Amsterdam is on the Zuyder Zee, a branch of the ocean, and contains a population of 350,000. We were there the day before Queen Wilhelmina was to review the fishing boats, and the children were holding a picnic in a park in her honor. The flags, with red, white and black stripes and yellow streamers, made the occasion bright with color. Our party of thirty were given a view of the city from carriages, and the pedestrians gazed upon us as we made the circuit of the streets. We first visited the diamond cutting factory, where we saw the diamond first, in the rough, like a pebble, then after an incision was made into the covering by a sharp diamond, and then when broken by a mallet. The diamond is placed in wax on the end of a wood handle, and when in pieces, is placed in lead instead of wax, and then cut and polished by machinery. The small bits of diamond falling away in the cutting make a dust with which to do the polishing. Good imitations of the diamonds of kings and emperors were on exhibition, with name attached. We then rode around the city along the waters of many canals, which give richness to the various parks. Swans were seen on the water, and beds of flowers everywhere on the land.

After lunch at the Victoria Hotel, where we had beef-steak, and biscuits and butter, with peaches, what is here called a meat luncheon, we went to the Art Gallery. This is a very large building, with ceramics on the first floor, similar to those in the London Museum. The second floor is very extensive. One picture called the "Night Watch," which represents a policeman just going out upon his beat, was attractive in its lights and shades and the clear expression of the faces. One by Van Dyck, of "Mary, Martha and Jesus," shows Mary as a blonde young lady

seated on a chair, and Martha standing, with her apron on, remonstrating with Christ for Mary's indifference to the ordinary duties of life. The picture had a very modern look, not at all in keeping with the times of which it was painted. Groups of from fourteen to twenty persons on one canvas represented them in the Elizabethan ruff, recalling the days in which the early builders of Amsterdam had lived.

We also visited the palace, which is much like others we had seen, except that the walls are white, with white marble around the doors and windows. The grand hall is large and high. Two statues are at the entrance, one being of Minerva and representing Wisdom; the other being of Jupiter, and representing Strength. The "red room" was the sitting-room of the late queen. A painting on the wall represents Justice, Prudence and Peace, and is by Rubens. The throne room, in existence from 1600 to the present time, was in damask of red and yellow. Two chairs were under a canopy, one with a crown and jewels represented on the back of it. A tea room was furnished in yellow satin, and Sevres vases were on the mantel-piece. There was a secretary's room, and lastly, a banquet room, the whole side of which was covered with Rubens' paintings. They represented "The Blessing of Moses when he came down from Mt. Sinai," "Solomon Praying for Wisdom," "Sons of Brutus," and "Council of Gratitude to Moses," which last contained the greatest number of persons.

We took table d'hote at Hotel Victoria at five o'clock, and the train at six. The country is level, but has variety because of the canals and ditches that checker it over. Cattle were feeding on the short, green grass, and frequent windmills lent a charm

to the scenery. We passed through Rotterdam before dark, and Antwerp about ten o'clock, arriving at Brussels at midnight.

Palace of Justice.

The streets of Brussels are paved with brick and stone, and we saw some boys with brooms, made of twigs, and wheel-barrows, collecting the dust and garbage. At ten in the morning we visited the lace factory. Many girls were plying the bobbins or sewing applique lace, while some were attending to sales. Many of our party bought lace handkerchiefs, fans, or dress fronts and sleeves, the price being about one-half lower than in the United States. It takes a girl two days to make one of the larger flowers in Brussels lace.

A part of our company that did not make the detour to Amsterdam, met us at Hotel Empereur, Brussels, and we all took cars for the battlefield of Waterloo. The mound in the center of the battlefield was two years in being built, and the earth for it was brought by peasant women. It has a platform of sandstone and the figure of a lion on the apex. 326 steps have to be ascended to reach it, but all of our party climbed to the summit and listened to the story of the guide, whose grandfather was in the battle.

To the extreme left lies Charleroi, where Napoleon attempted to surprise the Allied forces, and where he defeated the Prussians and took the town. Word was sent to Brussels, and soldiers hur-

ried from the ball-room in their dress suits and engaged in the battle. Brussels was the depot for supplies from Ostend and Antwerp, and therefore necessary to the success of the English troops; and as Charleroi was but a few miles distant, every effort was made to hold it. On that day, June 17th, 1815, the day before the great battle, the Duke of Wellington came so near being taken prisoner that he only escaped by ordering a part of the

Battlefield of Waterloo.

92nd, who were lined along a ditch, to lie down, and leaping his horse over them. The horse of Marshal Blucher was shot under him, and while lying on the ground the Marshal was twice charged over by the enemy's cavalry. Troops had been taken from his center to strengthen the right wing, and Napoleon seeing this, made a dash at the center, forced it and gained the victory. Rain

had begun to fall, and the horses sank to their knees—often to their girths, in the soft fields, which were sown with flax, wheat and oats.

On the morning of the 18th, the day of the memorable battle of history, the Duke of Wellington rode along his lines on a chestnut charger, with a field glass in his hand, seldom speaking to anyone, not even to his body guard. Napoleon, expecting help from those who were not pleased with the Alliance, had sent out this call: "To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has arrived to conquer or die." The French were arrayed with the infantry in front, in two lines sixty yards apart, and in their rear, the cuirassiers, in two lines. On the right were the lancers, in scarlet, the chasseurs, in green and with bear skin caps, and behind them were the horse grenadiers and dragoons. In the rear center were the reserves, and on the left was the light cavalry, while in the rear of the whole was the Imperial Guard, 72,000 in all. The Allied army numbered 68,000.

The reason for delay on the part of Napoleon in beginning the fatal battle, is thought by some to be that he was waiting for the ground to dry. At last, however, Prince Jerome commenced an attack on Hugemont, the headquarters of Wellington. The German battery opened on them, making a complete road through the mass, and forced Jerome to retire. His command was again advancing through a gap in the woods, but Lord Saltoun forced it to again retire. The French occupied the wood and open fields on both sides of Hugemont, making the latter a stumbling block to Napoleon. Marshal Ney was to cover, with the artillery, the advance, Napoleon was to force the left center, get possession of La Hay-Sainte and Mont St. Jean and prevent co-operation with the Prussians. As this movement was about to be

made, a dust cloud in the distance showed the approach of Prussian forces that had been resting at Ligny. Napoleon consequently had to change his plan, but, keeping a large force to watch the advancing re-enforcements, he still ordered Ney to advance, and soon the French batteries, of seventy pieces, opened on the British lines, causing dreadful havoc in Picton's division. The German Legion and the 2nd Life Guards hotly pursued the French cuirassiers, and the carnage was great. Many females were found among the slain, clothed in male attire. Picton himself fell, crying, "Charge! charge! Hurrah!" He was struck in the temple by a musket ball and died at once. His command was so obliterated that Napoleon asked, the next day, "Where is Picton's division?"

The French batteries were decimating the Allied troops that were between the two roads, and Somerset ordered them to retire. Napoleon thought it was a retreat and ordered his cuirassiers forward. They met the Germans advancing, and swords clashed in awful combat. The shock was terrific, and the cuirassiers fled on both sides of La Hay-Sainte. On the field the British cavalry dashed upon the French batteries and sabred the gunners, and not a division except a body of infantry was in line when Napoleon retreated. In an hour all was confusion, and Waterloo was gained by the Allied forces. By a singular coincidence the battle was brought to a close by the troops that opened it—the cuirassiers. Their armor weighed heavily upon them, and was a hindrance in hand to hand fighting.

Our English guide would not admit that Victor Hugo's story was true—that the French cavalry, supposing the ground level, fell into an excavated roadway not seen till upon it. Others be-

lieve that statement, and two monuments are near the spot where that calamity is supposed to have occurred.

In the museum at Waterloo are autographs of all the generals; also carbines, pistols, swords, helmets, bridle-bits and French eagles. A case containing skulls had one with three sabre cuts.

CHAPTER VII.

Cologne, Wiesbaden, Berlin, Dresden.

Cologne.

HE great cathedral at Cologne is near the large railroad depot and close to hotels and business places. A yard filled with flowers and plants extends along all sides of it except the front, and in the rear is a fountain with four large lions, out of whose mouths water pours for the thirsty. As we entered the cathedral on Sunday morning, the wooden seats near the pulpit were filled with attentive listeners. The priest spoke very loudly, but the echoes, together with the patter of feet on the tiled floor, seemed to drown his voice. The cathedral was begun in the 13th century and was finished in 1880, costing a million dollars. This is Christianity in Germany. The meek and lowly Jesus would never recognize his followers in the rich regalia worn in the service.

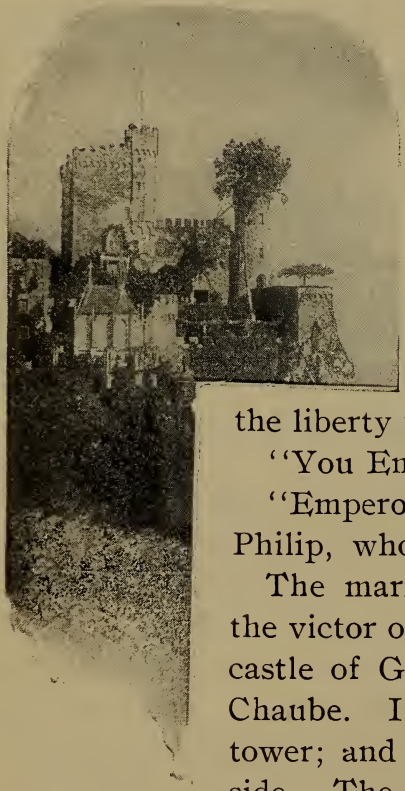
We visited the church of St. Ursula, five blocks away, which is beautiful in its interior and rich with relics of those buried there many years ago. The story of this church says that when Cologne was conquered by the Huns, St. Ursula refused to surrender herself and followers to their lust, standing firm even when threatened with death. Consequently she and her companions were all slain and buried in a heap on the spot where the church now stands. When this monument to her memory was built, the bones were uncovered and those of St. Ursula placed in a gilded tomb now in the chapel. A box of teeth and other bones gath-

ered from the same place are beside it. The assurance that a large vase to be seen was one of the waterpots that Jesus filled with wine at the marriage of Cana, led to the feeling that any or all of the legends might be false. Three hundred children, neatly dressed, were seated in the auditorium, which was brilliant with the morning sun falling through stained-glass windows.

We next visited the Museum. There were the invariable and ever-present plaster casts of Augustus, Demosthenes, Venus and Apollo, but we passed on to the paintings. That of Queen Louise, the mother of four boys, two of whom became kings, was attractive and beautiful; grace and sweetness was in every feature. The signing of the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Elizabeth, gave a clear profile view of that noted queen. The Resurrection is the key to the productions in the many rooms given to sacred themes. It is easy to see where Dante got the idea that has shaped the thought of generations of men regarding our eternal future.

At nine o'clock the next morning, we went on board the Victoria for a sail up the Rhine to Wiesbaden. The day threatened rain, but little fell. The Rhine is wider and deeper than the Hudson, but is shut in by high hills similar to those at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In many places the banks are terraced with brick or stone and the levels given to grape culture. After we pass Bonn, the home of Beethoven, where a bronze statue is erected to his memory, the castles of the middle ages appear. Some have been restored, but they all tell of feudal times, when they were used as fortresses against invaders along the great waterway. A little book called "Legends of the Rhine," was bought by many. In it is a beautiful story of Gutenfels. In the 13th century, Guta and her brother Philip, a knight, attended a tournament at Co-

logne. The one who became victor fixed his eyes on Guta, and after the contest, was presented to her. She dropped her glove in her embarrassment, and he asked her for it, afterwards carrying it about on his helmet. Philip invited him to their home, and there Guta and the guest plighted their troth. He said he had matters to attend to, and then would return. But Guta grew pale and ill with waiting, for he did not come until three months had passed. When he did come, he was refused entrance, but sent in the glove he had kept, which Guta at once recognized, and permitted him to see her.



Reichenstein Castle.

"Would I deserve to be Emperor of Germany if I did not profit of the liberty to keep my word?" said he.

"You Emperor!" said Guta.

"Emperor Richard of Cornwallis," answered Philip, who knew him.

The marriage ceremony was per ormed, and the victor of the tournament, the king, built the castle of Gutenfels on the mountain side near Chaube. It is built of stone and has a square tower; and a walled road zig-zags up the hillside. The castle is now occupied.

There are two other castles within view, Reichenstein and Ehrenfels, and between them is the church of St. Clemens. Concerning these another story runs something as follows: Cuno, the Knight of Reichenstein, loved the daughter of Siegfried, who lived at Castle Rheinstein, and asked Kurt, owner

of Ehrenfels, to speak for him. This Kurt did, but when he saw the daughter he at once determined to make her his own wife. He told Cuno, however, to send her a costly present, and Cuno sent her his favorite horse. But Kurt was favored by the father of the girl, whose name was Gerda, and the day was set for the marriage. Gerda told her father of her love for Cuno, but he would not consent to the union.

One night Gerda dreamed that Cuno said to her, "Why not fly and take refuge with me?"

When Gerda awoke the next morning, she said to herself, "I will prepare for the wedding and then his horse shall carry me to the castle of the one I love." She then gave notice to her lover, and waited for the wedding day. When it arrived, she arrayed herself in fine attire, with pearls and precious stones, and upon Cuno's horse started for the church, but as she approached, she suddenly spurred her horse and galloped toward Reichenstein. Kurt followed her, with curses, but Cuno opened the gate for her, closing it quickly upon Kurt. Siegfried's demands for entrance were of no avail, and so the marriage was celebrated at Reichenstein instead of Ehrenfels.

Stolzenfels and Niederlahnstein.

These stories lent a charm to the old castles, and showed love was the same in those old feudal days as at present.

We arrived in Wiesbaden at eight o'clock in the evening. It

is a watering place, more patronized in May and June than in August, the time of our visit. The various stores showed fine jewelry, laces and embroideries. The hotels are built for many guests, and our full number, eighty persons, was accommodated in one of them, The Four Seasons.

Berlin.

Frederick the Great.

This great city, of 1,700,000 inhabitants, has its history in the buildings, monuments and statues that ornament the place. In 1640 Frederick William was made Elector of Brandenburgh and at once began improvements in Berlin. He started the first newspaper, paved and lighted the streets, and did many other things to build up the city during his reign of forty-eight years. He was succeeded by his son, who built the Armory, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the castle and some of the churches, and erected a monument to his father. In 1713 Frederick William, who was called the "economical king," succeeded to the throne, reigning twenty-seven years and leaving a full treasury. Next came Frederick the Great, in 1740. Berlin then had but 147,000 inhabitants. Frederick the Great said that a sovereign should have no interest except to promote that of his people, and he carried out this theory by building the Royal Library, the University, the cathedral, St. Hedwig's Church, Opera House, Royal Theater, and encouraging commerce and the fine arts.

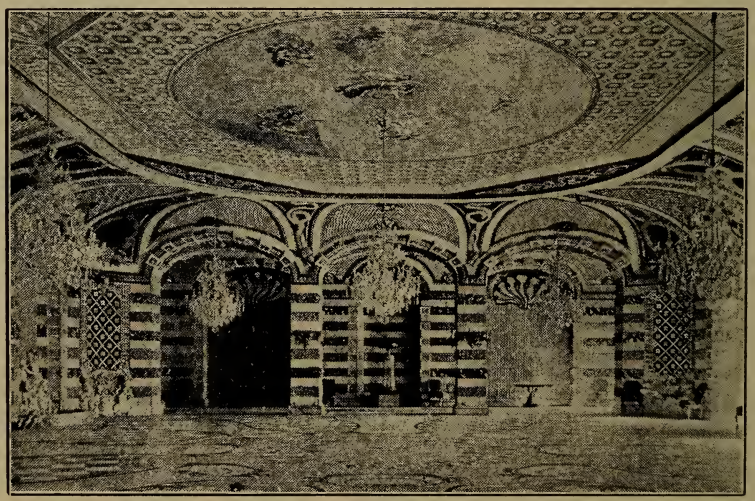
We visited the old palace, in Potsdam, sixteen miles from Berlin. It is in a court, and is gloomy in its exterior. As you enter and ascend a flight of stairs to a square hall, there is a private dining-room to the left. Our attention was called to the large round table in it, the center of which was detached from the outer portion and could be made to descend as a dumb-waiter to bring up edibles from below. Under the outer portion was a place for bottles. The doors of this room were double, to prevent conversation being heard. Next came the private room of Frederick the Great, with a writing desk upon which were two hats, two brushes, and various personal effects. His statue in marble represents him sitting in a chair, haggard and thin. On the wall is his portrait, and beside it one of his mother and one of his wife. He had no children. Eleven dogs belonging to him are buried under marble slabs on the lawn before the palace, and beside them is his favorite horse. The clock stood at twenty minutes past two, the time he died.

We passed through a large audience room, in white marble, a ball-room in hardwood, and another audience room, besides the hall or gallery that contained the portraits of the different sovereigns. In the last were the portraits of the Elector of Brandenburg, William I, William II, Frederick the Great and William IV. In an annex was the portrait of Queen Louise. There was a stand upon which to mark the height of soldiers, who were required to be six feet high, and a library of exclusively French books, the case for which was of curly maple from America. There was also a monkey room, in white enamel with flowers, birds and animals raised on its surface. It is said that the king once told Voltaire, who was his friend, that he was a monkey, and made him his lasting enemy.

A gold room is another feature. It has six mirrors, and several platters of gold, sent from the various duchies of the kingdom. A silver room has immense ornaments of silver on the sides and ceiling, made from the silver left over after the war.

To prove to the nation that the seven years' war did not exhaust his treasury, the Emperor built a new palace a few miles from the old one, called Sans Souci.

This palace fronts on six broad terraces, with conservatories beneath the banks. Under the cornice of the palace were uncouth human figures. As we enter there is a shell room, which



Shell Room, Sans Souci.

is most unique—the wonder of all who visit it. Two immense serpents made of conch-shells, with the round side up, are at the side of each pillar, the mouths of the serpents being open, with tongue protruding. The pillars are girdled with bands of agates and crystals, and yards of space are covered with small white

shells. The room is one hundred feet long, with four windows and numerous pillars. The grouping of the shells is beautiful, and will never be finished; as shells are now gathered by the royal family for this purpose. As we departed we went down a steep descent, which was made smooth for the rolling chair of Frederick the Great, who was afflicted with gout.

In 1827 Berlin was lighted with gas, and in 1838 the first railway to Potsdam was built. When King Frederick William IV succeeded to the throne, in 1840, Berlin had a population of 500,000. It was this king who erected the statue of Frederick the Great, and built the Column of Victory and the New Museum. His brother, who succeeded him in 1861, put in telegraph lines, built new depots and caused many modern improvements. He was the first to be called emperor. The Column of Victory, with its gilded statue, towers above all the high buildings. Near it is the Parliament, or Reichstag, Building, with gilded dome. The Avenue of Victory is through a park, and is ornamented with many statues, some of which are placed upon a crescent-shaped base of marble with a seat encircling one side, giving an appearance of hospitality. In a carriage ride we passed the City Hall, a magnificent structure in red brick, and miles of residences of light-brown color. Our party was delighted with Berlin.

On the way from Wiesbaden to Berlin, we saw fruit trees along both sides of the road. They were mostly apple trees, although a few pear and plum trees were to be seen. While in Berlin our guide told us that these trees were planted and owned by the government, which leased them to the inhabitants along the way at a certain rental per year, not more than forty to one person. The government owns the land and rents the right of way to the railroad companies. As we went from Berlin to Dres-

den, the trees along the way were forest trees, and did not give the home-like look and promise that the fruit trees had done. Young America might adopt the plan of planting fruit trees.

Dresden.

The Royal Picture Gallery of Dresden was founded by the Prince of Saxony, afterwards called the King of Poland. It would be a lesson to American art lovers to know with what painstaking and care some of these pictures were obtained in Italy many years ago, and were preserved until the erection of this building. The Italian, German and Spanish artists have contributed their best works to the collection.

Among the paintings first seen is a large canvas called "Columbus Before the Monks." "The Three Sisters," by Kessling, represents three blondes with regular features, blue eyes, and with modest dress in shades of pink; a lovely picture. "The Ruin of the Family," also by Kessling, shows two men playing cards for money; a woman, presumably the wife of one, on her knees pleading; a younger woman with a child in her arms, and other persons entering the room. "The Desert Robber" shows two lions on high rocks, their lair in view, gazing down upon a camp of travelers with camels on the plain below. Another picture shows a shepherd lying asleep with his arm thrown over his faithful dog, while the sheep stand wistfully at the door of the fold. "Reading the News" is an eager throng listening to a reader of news from the outside world; "A Light in the Window" is for the sailors on the water, and "Anannias' Visit to Paul" shows Paul behind prison bars.

Our party hurried on to view the marvellous "Sistine Madonna," by Raphael. This picture was a study. Mary was repre-

sented as standing on clouds, with eyes intent on distance, as if beholding the future that had been promised the Messiah. The Christ-child's eyes have a glow seemingly caught from the mother's inspiration, as she holds him by the hand close to her side, and two little angels are gazing upward as if seeing invisible things. Pope Sixtus appears in kneeling posture. After all the sad and horrible pictures, one's eyes are glad to rest upon one that is all beautiful.

In the next room were heads of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. In "Peter at the Cock-crowing," Peter is given with face contorted as though dreading the misery before him for his denial of Christ. "Jesus in the Temple" represents Christ as a quiet-faced boy asking for information. With a previous knowledge of art and plenty of time to devote to the study, a person might be able to give some adequate idea of this wonderful collection; but on a tour such as ours, where other renowned places were waiting, it is impossible to give anything but the impression caught at the moment.

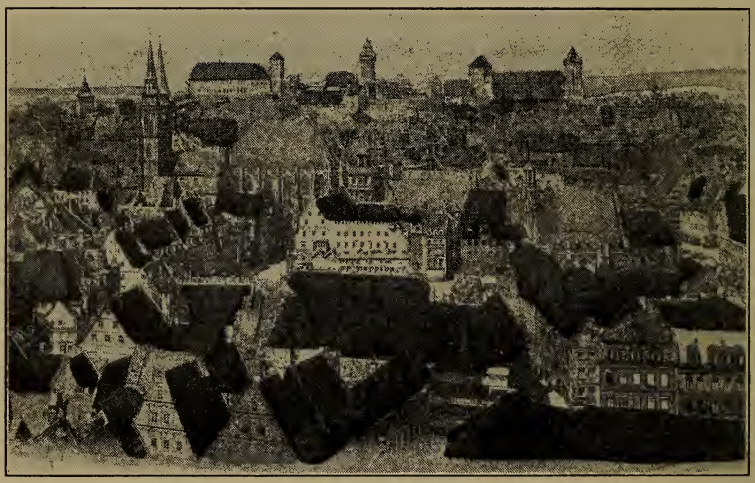
At our hotel, Rev. De Witt Talmage was introduced, and it was hoped he would make a few remarks to our party, but he declined, saying he had come for rest. It was here I met my son and his wife, from New York City, who made the tour of the continent from the south toward the north.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nuremburg, Oberammergau, Zurich.

Nuremburg.

This city was founded in 1050 and has many very curious buildings. The high roofs have rows of dormer windows too close together to show separate stories, but which must give plenty of light. The walls are many of them well preserved. The old castle is now kept as a museum. The towers are cannon-shaped,



Nuremburg.

to memorize the art of making implements of war, which is one of the industries of the place. As a sample of the architecture of the middle ages, Nuremburg is worth a visit. Yet we saw residences on one street that would compare favorably with those in Berlin. The castle tower contains the instruments of torture used by the Inquisition. We noticed cradles with sharp spikes

which cut and tore the flesh ; a closet, the door of which had spikes so placed that when the victim was put into the closet three would pierce each eye and also the bowels, and there was also a wheel, which, in turning, would cut the body into small pieces. These, together with the rack, upon which bodies were broken and disjointed; hot lead, to be poured into the ears; and red-hot pincers, with which to grasp the nose, ears or fingers of the victim, are some of the instruments used by beings called human, upon others who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands At first thought, the intelligent tourist wonders why these evidences of unparalleled ferocity have not long since been destroyed, but further reflection convinces that they serve a better purpose in showing, by comparison, the advance of civilization in Germany since their use. The story of the robber knight Apollonius, who leaped his horse over the city wall near the castle and escaped, but was re-captured and put to death by torture in the closet before referred to, would hardly be credited by a visitor to the Nuremburg of to-day. The wall is still there, but its gates have been open for many years.

Henpersteg.

Other places and things of interest are St. Sebald's church, which has a magnificent shrine sixty-four feet high ; the Schone Brunner and the Bag-Pipe Fountain, which are beautiful ; the works of Albrecht Durer, the artist ; the monument to Hans

Sachs, the poet, and the National Museum. The city schools are trade schools, and it is said, "Nuremburg's hand goes through every land."

Oberammergau.

This little mountain town in upper Bavaria, noted as the home of the Passion Play, is five hours' ride from Munich. Extra trains were being run to accommodate the throngs eager to see the performance, but even then our party was much crowded. We made room, however, for two young ladies from Boston, but not of our party, who told us they came on from Naples to Munich the night before, and although they had lost their trunks and could not find them, nobody at the station being able to speak either English or French, they were still not dismayed.

"We had each a hand-bag, fortunately," said the elder, "and were determined not to miss the play."

They were Catholics, they told us, and knew that great care had been taken to make the performance perfect in every detail.

The suburbs of Munich presented a more modern appearance than those of many other cities we had visited, and as we passed over the country towards Oberammergau we came to a fine summer resort, which, with its gay yachts and large hotels, convinced us that the people were not so far from modern civilization as not to have caught its spirit. As we approached the town of Oberammergau, there was a gradual ascent ; the pine trees became more numerous and the grass was greener, while many barns were to be seen, showing that provision had been made for the storing of feed. Just here it may be mentioned that the farmers of this section of country live in villages, which is found to be much to their advantage in many ways.

Having left Munich at 9:30 a.m. we arrived at Oberammer-

gau at 2:30 p.m. quite ready for luncheon. Consequently we were shown to a large restaurant, and on entering, saw two long tables already laid and with a big bottle of beer at each plate. This seemed to the ladies, among whom, by the way, we espied Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall, of Indiana, to be a slight overdoing of hospitality, but all apparently felt that protest would be useless. We called for water, however, as many were very thirsty, and after some trouble our guide succeeded in getting one single glass full. Everybody wanted that, but he could get no more. We then called for lemonade, which we were told was for sale in bottles, but when procured it turned out to be ginger ale. We had the usual "meat luncheon" with plenty of food, well salted, but neither tea nor coffee—only beer, unlimited beer.

Luncheon over, we sought our boarding house. Every cottage is an inn during the Passion Play, but our stopping place proved to be a two-story white building, situated not far from the residence of Anna Flunger, who was to personate Mary, the mother of Jesus. The rooms on the first floor gave out a peculiar odor as we entered, and nobody wanted them. So the writer and a companion went higher and found a room, very simply furnished and with only one window, but as that looked out on the main street, and also gave us a view of the great cross on a hill, erected to mark the deliverance from the plague, and shining like gold in the sun, we were content. At this time a part of our company started for the palace of Ludwig, the "crazy king," which is but fifteen miles from Oberammergau. They returned about nine o'clock the same evening highly pleased with the trip, reporting that the palace was the most perfect they had yet seen. The king was at a sanitarium near Munich, and the rooms were all open to visitors. Those of us who did not go to the palace,

visited the stores and shops, viewing the fine pieces of wood carving, which art seems to be one in which many of the people are proficient. There were saints and apostles and the Savior with a crown of thorns, and also as a boy before the learned doctors, all carved in wood. Photographs of the actors in the play were on sale and many purchased them. Some did more, for they called on the actors who had them on sale and secured their autographs also. The writer of this visited Mary, or Miss Flunger, and found her to be a sweet looking girl of twenty.

Understanding that she could talk English, I said, "My dear, water is abundant in this valley ; why can we not have some to drink?" and added the request, "Will you not speak to the authorities for us and explain our wishes?"

She only laughed and nodded her head in approval, probably not fully understanding English when rapidly spoken.

A temporary room was put up in the garden of our boarding house for our party and others to take their meals in. There was one waitress for twenty of us, and we asked her for water. She smiled and went away, returning finally with twenty glasses of milk, warm from the cow. She at last brought us water, but it was warm and unsatisfying.

On Sunday morning a wonderful tinkling of bells awoke us, and on looking out, there were a hundred and fifty brindle cows, more or less, being driven to the hills to graze, each one wearing a large bell that tinkled with every motion. The streets have neither sidewalks nor foot-paths ; and the great number of cattle passing over them leave them in no pleasant condition. We soon learned, however, to make cross-cuts where the cattle were not driven. Some of the party climbed the mountain where the great cross stands, and while the ascent was not difficult, the descent

was so precipitous, they told us, that many slid down in terror for their lives.

One morning, I opened a door at the boarding house and found myself in a vast barn. The door closed behind me locking itself, and as the floor to the barn was many feet below where I stood, and reached only by a ladder, the situation was not enviable. But I had solved the mystery of the odors ; there were cattle, pigs and chickens all under the same roof with us. After I had called out several times, a girl appeared on the barn floor, and, climbing the ladder, released me. The room into which I had blundered was the family sleeping apartment. We all felt thankful after this, that our dining-room was in the garden. Another peculiarity of Oberammergau architecture was to be seen in the shingles on the roofs of many houses being kept in place by long strips of wood held down by large flat stones.

On our way to the theatre where the Passion Play is enacted, we went into the only church the town affords. In it was an organ, various symbols of the Catholic church and the ever-present confessional ; while a number of penitents were kneeling in prayer. The theatre itself is at one end of the town, and upon reaching it, we found a flight of steps on the outside leading to a gallery that would seat 4,000 persons. The seats were of planed but unvarnished wood, yet very comfortable. Ours were, fortunately, in the center row and directly in front of the stage. The auditorium is roofed over but open at the sides, giving an extended view of the green hills back of the town. A Greek temple was back of the stage, and the house of Pilate on one side, with the house of Annas on the other, each reached by a broad flight of steps. Two handsome curtains draped the entrance to the temple.

The performance opened with the singing of a chorus of thirty-four—twenty ladies and fourteen gentlemen. They came down the steps from the house of Pilate and that of Annas, led by Joseph Mayr, the former Christus, as prologue, and Jacob Ritz as leader of the chorus. The end man wore a cloak of red velvet with a wide gold border and flowing sleeves; the next, a pale green one, of same make and material; the next, a pale blue one, and then mauve, giving a rainbow effect quite striking to the beholder. Several verses were sung, accompanied by the orchestra, which was in front, and the chorus retired. The first scene was of children bearing palms before Jesus as he entered, riding upon an ass. He then alighted and proceeded to overturn the tables of the money changers, causing great confusion.

The priests and traders called out, "By what authority doest thou these things?" and, "Who gave thee this authority?"

Caiaphas, who is jealous of Christ's growing influence, quotes the law and says to the traders, "Your loss shall be made good from the Temple treasury."

Then Nathaniel tells the traders they must all assist in putting down an enemy of the law, and they all cry out with zeal that they will give their lives for the law of Moses and the Holy Sanhedrim.

But, to go into minute details of the Passion Play would be unnecessary, as the public already understands that it is the dramatized story of Christ and his crucifixion. There were some parts, and special features of acting, however, that made a lasting impression. Anton Lang, who personated Christ, preserved the calm and graceful demeanor under great provocation that would naturally be ascribed to one without sin, and showed fully the superiority of the Savior over other men. His farewell to Mary,

his mother, was more expressive of kindness than the bible story, and his acting throughout was highly commendable. Judas was a character not soon to be forgotten, as personated by Johann Zwink. He had the gait and mein of an impulsive and suspicious person, and as he came and listened and went again, he gave to the onlooker the full impression that he was not quite sure of himself. Except for the long monologues that were in his part, and were very tedious, Judas was interesting.

The disciples seemed to be weak mortals, frightened by the words of the rulers, and appeared only in the distance. Peter was represented as a small man in a pale green tunic with white sleeves. As the notes of chanticleer were constantly being heard we did not share his dismay when the cock crowed. In fact, the Peter at Oberammergau was so true to the Peter of old that he awakened the same feeling we have when reading the bible story.

But when Pilate entered, a new element seemed to have come into the confusion. He was a man of a different cast of countenance and of powerful physique; and when he ordered his soldiers to protect Jesus, they stood around him with drawn swords as though they knew their duty.

And when Pilate said, "I see no fault in this man ; let him go," the impression was that he believed in this Jesus, but was overruled by the injustice of the people and the fear of losing his office.

The first among the sadder scenes is the one where Mary and John and Magdalene are waiting for Jesus as he comes bearing the cross and falls beneath its weight.

Mary cries out, "Will no one carry the cross for Jesus?" Simon is then thrust forward and takes up the cross, under the weight of which he, also, nearly falls.

A little later John says to Mary, "Mother, will we not go back to Bethany? Thou wilt not be able to look upon the sight."

"How can a mother leave her child in the last and bitterest need?" Mary replies, and adds that she has prayed to God for strength and has received it.

A very impressive scene is that in which, after Christ has called out, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Zarobabel rushes in, as the earth trembles, and cries out that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain. Consternation is upon all faces, and some exclaim, "What if this were the true Savior!"

The last tableau represented the ascension; and the people in the side seats rose to their feet and rushed into the central isles to get a full view of the last scene in the wonderful drama. The play was ended. It was 5 o'clock, and the audience had listened and looked with rapt interest from 8:00 to 12:00 in the forenoon, and from 2:00 to 5:00 in the afternoon. So deep had been the interest that there had hardly been a whisper or a sound. 10,000 persons had witnessed the play, and thousands were waiting; there being 6,000 strangers in the town.

As we left the theatre, the question on all sides was, "What do you think of it?" And a question immediately following that was, "Should it—or should it not—be enacted everywhere?"

The only reasonable answer to the latter question would seem to be: The dramatized representation of Christ's suffering and death teaches a fuller lesson than printers' type has ever done; why not let the people see it?

ZURICH.

Zurich.

As we approched Zurich from Lake Constance, by railroad, we passed through a country with cultivated farms and orchards and strips of forest land, similar to that in Canada between Sarnia and Toronto. It was not the hill country one would expect in the land of the Alps. Zurich itself is on a rise of ground, showing at a glance its streets and churches. Hotel Bellevue, where we stopped, is on a square, within sight of the old church of Zwingli. This church has no spire, and presents a chapel-like appearance. The Dissenters called it their "meeting-house." A large bronze statue of Zwingli is in front of the church on a pedestal. Our guide took us to another church, not far away, which had two spires, but was as plain as it well could be except for the stained-glass windows at one end. The wooden seats were unpainted, but at each pew door hung an extra seat, to be used when needed, showing that the attendance was sometimes large. This church was 347 years old, yet was in as good condition as one in the United States at fifty.

We went through the shopping district mostly in arcades. Everything a traveler needs is to be seen. All goods imported from America are, however, one-third higher in price than at home. We crossed the river to the Pestalozzi Hof, where is a

collection of the works of Pestalozzi's life time. Pestalozzi's portrait in oil was very gratifying. The eyes were large and dark, the complexion ruddy, and the nose was sharp at the ridge and spreading toward the base, betokening character. This feature was not so noticeable in his marble statue nor in other portraits of him. The models he used in teaching were all there; cubes and squares in wood; circles in plaster, and maps and many other things. Here, also, was the portrait of Lavator. In a reading-room were rows of magazines, and in the English ones we found some interesting items. There was a place to register, and we found the names of some New York people there.

The Museum contained all sorts of old china and costumes of the native forefathers, besides the usual number of busts of Greek and Roman heroes.

The statue of Charlemagne stands near that of Zwingli. He is well called Charles the Great, for he said to the provinces he governed, "Come together in a body and present your grievances, and we will see what can be done."

It was the first parliament, and gave liberty of speech, which means free thought and a free man. Its effects are to be seen in Zurich to-day, which city is noted for its scientific research and its modern methods of study.

From Zurich to Lucerne we pass Lake Maggoire and Lake of Zug. The villages at the foot of the hills made fine pictures on the way.

CHAPTER IX.

Lucerne, Interlaken, Geneva.

Lucerne.

HIS most beautiful city is on a lake of the same name, and is crescent shaped. The principal street follows the shore of the lake and is lined with white "pensions," or hotels, all vieing with each other. Back of these are upright hills, but with velvety lawns, and garden patches, and often, a cottage perched high above all the rest. The mountain Pilatus is to the right, with clouds encircling it and a railway leading to its top. Lake Lucerne acts as a mirror to the cloud-capped and snow-clad mountains, whose tops retain their ice the year through, while their sides display all shades of green, and are reflected in the quiet waters below, often unruffled by a breeze. Many shrines and statues are to be seen along the shore; one of Christ with arms extended, as if saying to the waters, "Peace, be still." At Altdorf is the chapel of William Tell, whom Schiller immortalized. Not far from it is his statue. He stands with his son beside him and his bow over his shoulder.

There are but 5,000 Protestants among the 30,000 people of Lucerne. The Swiss are a warlike people, and when not needed at home are employed by other nations. The guard of the Pope at the Vatican are Swiss soldiers. In 1792 the Jacobins stoned the Tuillieries, furious at the approach of the Austro-Prussian army for the defence of the king. Two battalions of the Swiss Guards were conquered by the Revolutionists, and the remainder

fell in the discharge of their duty. Col. Von Pfyffer proposed the monument called "The Lion," to their memory. It is on a rocky cliff sixty feet high. The lion in death defends the charge intrusted to him. It was sculptured by Ahorn, after a model by Thorwaldsen. Vines hang from above, trees are all around, and there are seats for those who may wish to ponder on the fidelity of their countrymen or the character of the true soldier. The shops near it are filled with models of it, small and large, in wood or ivory, and varying in price from forty cents to twenty dollars.

Near the carved lion is the Glacier Garden, which can be entered for a franc (20 cents.) In 1872, in excavating for a house, nine of the pot holes of an ancient glacier were discovered, the largest thirty-one feet deep and twenty inches across. Water going into these gave a rotary motion to the stones in them, making them round or nearly so. It is a real illustration of the phenomena of glaciers. In buildings are various Alpine animals, and other sights to interest the traveler.

One day was planned for us to ascend the Righi, so we took boat to Vitznau and ascended, two cars at a time, at the rate of twenty-five feet to the hundred. The rock is conglomerate, and as we went up, the little lakes appeared, there being fourteen in sight from the highest point. We passed one village with a church, and its red roof in the group of white buildings made a pretty picture. There were some farms on this high range. The road has a double track, and cars were going down as we were going up. We thought again and again that our getting-off place must be near, but still up we went. Some garrulous Germans left us at one point, and a girl came out with a platter of peaches and pears, at two for ten cents. Unfortunately after purchase, we discovered that the peaches were cling stones. At

last, at the very top, we stopped, and from the steps and windows of a very large hotel, looked upon a sight never to be forgotten. We had seen, as we came up the heights, clusters of mountain peaks, but here was an expanse of two hundred miles of snow-clad and grassy mountains. Some were pointed, some were round-topped, some had long ridges, and on one was a convent. We thought at once of St. Bernard dogs, and how friendly they would look to a traveler lost in such a place. There was scarcely a dividing line between the clouds and the mountains. They had similar shapes and the connecting link was not missing. The sight was a glorious one. The sun shone down with August heat and the wind lulled, but after luncheon the party scattered in pursuit of souvenirs. One gathered flowers like the wild larkspur; another bought a thistle, (a blue flower with sharp thorns,) and many gathered the eidelwies, but the latter lost its chaste beauty by being placed with branches of evergreen. One trophy was a fox's tail, which had a goat's foot attached as a handle, the whole to be used as a fly brush. As we had three hours to stay, six of the party of eighty concluded to walk down the Righi. The cars descend very slowly, and one of the ladies gave up the attempt to walk, and came aboard. She was fined two dollars, but on account of not knowing of the rules of the railroad, was let off by paying one. Although flushed and stiff from the effort, none of the others would admit they were anything but benefited. The memory of that high mountain top, often swept by storms and covered with snow, suggests the reasonwhy the Greeks selected the mountains as the home of the Gods.

Lucerne to Interlaken.

Brunig Pass.

By Brunig Pass from Lucerne to Interlaken, the first town is Alpnach, and from there we rose higher and higher, looking down on valleys with small groups of houses; seeing frequent water-falls, and all around the green grassy slopes, made fresh by constant moisture. The scene was as perfect as a picture. We followed a small lake four miles and then wound up the pass 3,396 feet, descending on the other side to Meiringen, where we took the boat for Interlaken. Rain had been falling at times all the way, and after we got on board the steamer there came a perfect down-pour. The deck canopies had been taken down, and we were crowded into the cabins, very much cramped for space, and sitting on our satchels or anything available. An English lady traveling with her son, said she had visited the place twenty-eight years before. She wondered if we were not bothered with having to wait for laggard members of our party at different points, and when told that the half-hour of grace granted to all always brought every one to the trysting place, she thought ours was a well-disciplined party.

Interlaken is between lakes Brienz and Thun, and facing our hotel, "The Jungfrau," is the famous Jungfrau itself, showing between two green mountains like a triangle of snow. Curiosity was aroused to get behind the hills that hide it, and the next morning, a carriage ride to Grindelwald, from which point ascent could be made, was taken. We stopped at Lauterbrunnen on the

way, for water for the horses—and beer for their drivers, and the ladies took the opportunity to buy photographs. We took luncheon at "The Bear," at Grindelwald, and two parties were made up for the ascent. The lower glacier is easy of access, but very deceptive as to distance and height. The path is broad but full of rolling stones, and the alpenstock must be used to keep from stumbling. There is a knack in using this mountain staff, which should be planted firmly each time, and slightly in the rear in going up, instead of being thrust forward.

Jungfrau.

When we reached the last elevation we found a small house and restaurant, where photographs, wine and beer were sold, and half a franc was required for a visit to the Ice Glen. We crossed a bridge, had blankets thrown over us and stood in the most glorious temple ever wrought by mortal hands. The crystal pillars and iridescent arches cannot be described.

Glacier.

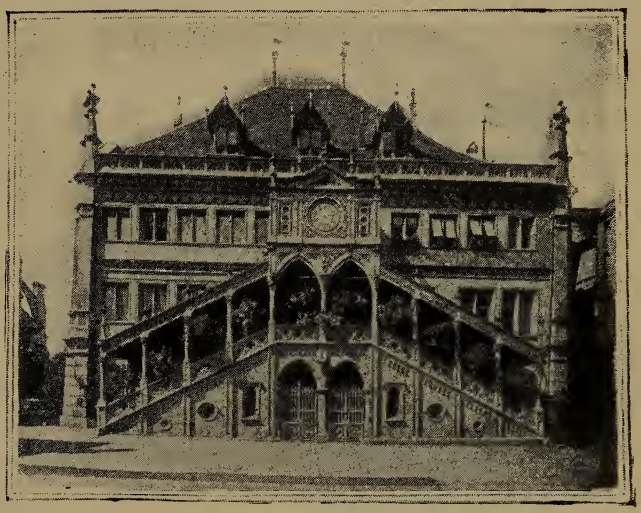
In descending we saw a window in the rocks, which our guide humorously told us was the hole the Almighty made when

he pushed the rocks aside to make room for the glacier. The absence of cattle was accounted for by the explanation that they had been driven to pastures higher up, the milk needed being brought down each day by the mountaineers, and the remainder made into cheese. Our guide gave us the mountain bugle-call, the echo of which came back to us after some seconds, from far up the steep. He could speak English perfectly, having once lived in London. On the descent, we were surprised at the height and steepness of the way we had climbed. Alpenstocks were in greater demand than in going up. The path zig-zagged all the way, to prevent too great momentum. Grindelwald valley was below us, and the mountains Schreckhorn and Matterhorn, each 13,000 feet high, were to be seen around us. The Hotel Jungfrau, at Interlaken, has in front of it scarlet geraniums, the fig tree and banana trees, all growing within sight of the ever snow-capped Jungfrau.

We bade a lingering good-bye to beautiful Interlaken, and proceeded past Thun to Berne. The only sights old Berne could show were a church of the 13th century, with the wise and the foolish virgins on its front, those at the left having oil in their lamps, and the ones on the right having theirs upside down; an equestrian statue of Rudolph; a clock tower with a circle of small wooden bears coming in sight when a wooden man above strikes the hour, and a mile or more of arcade. Not quite all, either, as there is a "bear pen," and a Museum of Natural History. The bear pen had four old bears in shaggy, bedraggled furs, who caught crackers or apples from the sight-seers.

Old Clock Tower, Berne.

Lusanne, our next stopping place, is on a high elevation, and was full of life. A large public building was being erected, and the streets were full of wagons carrying stones or lumber. Electric cars passed in front of Hotel Gibbon, where we stopped, and in the back yard were the large horse chestnut trees and the arbor under which Gibbon wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." The hotel was full of guests. An Irish clergyman present, in speaking of the beauties of Erin's Isle, tried to explain why the Irish drink whiskey and are always poor. He said those things were the result of wakes and the social nature of the people.

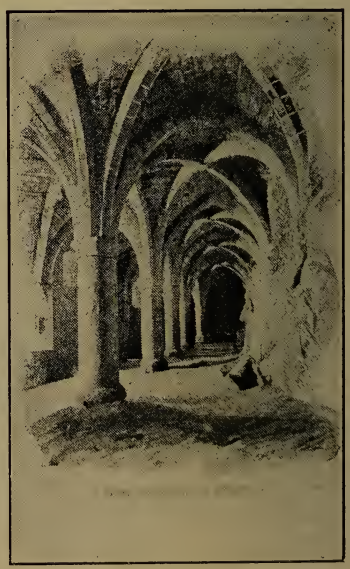


Town Hall.

We took cars to Vevey and stopped at Territet, where electric cars took us to

Castle of Chillon.

the Castle of Chillon. As we entered, we were told what part was of the 12th century, built by Petit Charlemagne, and were shown through the prisoners' apartments. Immense pillars with arches rose from the stony ground, and on some were rings to which men were chained with only a yard's length in which to move. A slanting rock was a bed. We saw the cross-piece of wood to which the prisoner was hung, and the window through which his body was thrown into the lake. The Bernese in the 15th century owned the castle. In the banquet room was a broad, low fire-place, used for cooking purposes, and on the crane hung the spits and other cooking utensils. On the wall was a scene called "Returning from the Battle," in which Charles the Bold was one of the figures. The windows were long and narrow, and through them the sun poured its rays, making a strong, bright light. The Judges' room above was of like shape, and with similar chimney place, but with seats around the sides and in the center. In some rooms, the



Interior of Castle of Chillon.

chimney was in a corner, and the hearth several inches below the floor. We could look through this chimney to the sky above. The ceiling was of carved wood, and had been built in the 12th century. The castle is fairly well preserved, and stands out prominently, giving an extended view. The little island with its three small trees; the historic lake and the "pensions" and hotels can all be seen. It is the resort of the literati of the world.

Swiss Chalet, at Berne.

We arrived at Martigny at seven o'clock in the evening. This is near the great St. Bernard Pass. Our hotel was as good as the village afforded, but was not luxurious. A large tower on the hillside was built by Pepin II, and used as a fort. The next morning we took the Tete Noire Pass to Chamonix. We took lunch at Tete Noire. Many of our party walked the whole distance, but the walk was needed, to bring relish for the sour bread, salt soup and kidney stew that awaited us. Coming down from Trient we walked, as it was said to be the most dangerous part of the route. The mountains rise to a

Scene in Alps.

height of 7,000 feet, the gorge is filled with rocks and a river of foam rushes over them. The mountains reach down to the water's edge, so that the carriage road has, in places, been cut into their sides.

Chamonix and Mt. Blanc.

We met tourists walking or riding, continually, and were obliged to wait in the wider places for them to pass. We gathered new kinds of maiden-hair fern and thistles, and sweet balm and lavender. But, among all the rocks we rested upon, we saw no living thing except one bird. Lichen in various forms, pine cones and burrs were abundant.

The wild scenery of the Pass suddenly gave place to a hostelry and a bleak landscape covered with boulders, among which cows and goats, with their ever-tinkling bells, were trying to gather herbage for their evening meal. At the last, Chamonix was reached by an inclined plane, smooth as a floor. We could see the road as it doubled on itself, and Mont Blanc appearing, like a ragged, barren cliff, above the clouds. A part of it, covered with perpetual snow, looked in upon me as I wrote. The next morning sixty of our party rode on donkeys to the Mer de Glace, a guide with an alpenstock going with each. Two hours and more were occupied in ascending. Half of the party crossed the glacier, and followiug an iron railing met their guides and donkeys much farther down the mountain. Telescopes were provided at each hotel at Chamonix for guests to see the tourists on Mer de Glace.

At ten the next day three diligences were filled and we rode to Vauvais, over the best of roads. Six horses were attached to one diligence, and three, abreast, to the others. At short intervals we passed other tourists in diligences, all with six horses, as they were ascending, while we were descending. A railroad was being built to ascend Mont Blanc, and solid pillars as large as the keep of a castle, and arches for tunnels were already made. After reading of the efforts of Horace de Saussure to stay several days on Mont Blanc to get a correct view of the location of its various peaks, and of Dr. Jansen, who established an observatory there to get facts regarding meteorological effects, it will not be surprising to know that a railroad is being pushed to its icy heights. While a heap of stones that had fallen from an embankment were being removed, that our vehicles might pass on, we could see two men three hundred feet above us. We soon moved

on, and suddenly turning a corner saw the village of Vauvais before us.

Geneva, which lies within sight of Mont Blanc, is an old city. It was known to Cæsar and is said to have been founded over 2,000 years ago. Calvin preached there for thirty-six years. We visited his church. Some parts of it were built in the 10th century, and two tiers of seats for monks are now used by the judiciary. Curious old heads are on the pew doors. The church is large and lofty. The pulpit of John Calvin is reproduced as it originally appeared. There is a statue to Duke Henri de Rohan, in marble, and on his sarcophagus lie a crown and sword presented him by Madame de Vigne. A tablet on the wall is for the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon. There was a pretty chapel restored fifteen years ago, where marriages and deaths are solemnized. We were told that Calvin refused to have a monument erected to himself, as he said the people would remember him without it. This is a city of substantial bridges. One is called Rosseau's Bridge, and leads to his monument. Black swans and white ones sail in the water that surrounds it. The Rothschilds' villa is seven miles away, and Madame de Stael's, at Coppet, a half day's journey on Lake Geneva.

The Rhone and the Arve run side by side, but their waters do not mingle. The Rhone is clear and as blue as the sky, while the Arve is muddy and brown. We visited the power-house, where power is generated for the gas works, water works, and for the various business of a city. In the shops colored photographs of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Rosseau and others were for sale.

CHAPTER X.

Paris, Versailles, The Exposition.

Paris.

ROM Geneva to Paris, the first hundred miles is over a very flat country, but farther on the surface becomes rolling, and as we approach the city, hills begin to appear. Our long train sped on at the rate of a mile a minute, causing the cars to rock from side to side and making our views of the wayside landscape rather fleeting except during the stops that were made. At the boundary line between Switzerland and France, our baggage had to pass the usual examination, and one gentleman, (not of our party) was fined for having some cigars in his possession, but the others had nothing contraband. The government of France, we were told, has a monopoly of the tobacco trade.

"No one can rise in this country," said a guide, "as every hindrance is thrown in the way." Hucksters remain at the city limits to escape the tax on poultry and other things; those who do enter being rigidly searched for anything that might be a violation of the law.

Some say that France is on the eve of another revolution, claiming that the resources of the government are not equal to the outlay in public buildings, monuments, and salaries of the large number of officials. However that may be, the products from the French colonies to be seen in the Exposition fall much short of what one would expect.

We were sent to the St. James and the de Albany hotels, within ten minutes walk of the Exposition, which is at Place de la Concorde. The two palaces of Grand and Petit Beaux Arts are to be permanent structures. As we entered at the great gateway, there were two paths, each lined with bronze statues or marble monuments, leading to the buildings, and chairs at two cents were on the sides along the way. There were also free seats. The court of the Grand Palace of Beaux Arts is filled with large statuary. We noticed five very large pieces, all of bluish marble, as though made to fill one order, and that especially for the Exposition. Among these were, "Job," by J. Dressonelles, Job being in sitting posture, and with wrinkled brow; "The Pardon," by Ernest Du Bois, a father kissing his son on the back of his neck as the son kneels before him; "Remorse," a companion piece of "The Pardon," and "The Prodigal Son," given as looking far away, while pigs eat at a trough at his side. "The Roman Marriage," close to the entrance, was a young man and young woman sitting side by side, the man holding the woman's extended hand. There were, also, a girl holding a distaff, Joan of Arc and equestrian statues of all kinds.

In the interior, the fine face of Cuvier made a pleasing impression, while that of Cardinal Richelieu had the opposite effect. There were among the many others, Napoleon in costume, by Claude Ramey; Dante; Louis Bonaparte, by P. Gurin; Madame Recaimer, Giuzot, Perrie Jeane David, Mendelsohn and Victor Hugo. There were David and Jonathan in bronze, also Mozart, as a child playing the violin. In paintings, which are, many of them, old and faded, one might look in vain for a striking picture. There were "The Cook," by Dupre; "Interior of a Cathedral at Toledo," "The Chateau of the Barben," "Oxen at Labor," by

Rosa Bonheur; Carot's "Hagar and Ishmael," "Infant Malade," by Millet; a mother holding a child to her bosom, the father offering medicine. There were cartoons and drawings, and yet much space unfilled. Some Dresden china vases were in dark halls, where was, also, furniture of various periods of French history.

We passed out through the court with statuary and saw the statue of "Time," with his wings and hour-glass, then going to the Petit Palace of Beaux Arts. A flight of steps on the outside brought us into an immense corridor, where we could stop and view the passing throngs. There seemed to be no English spoken. High culture, was, doubtless, represented in the endless concourse, yet the majority followed their leaders, giving but little thought to the Gobelin tapestries on the walls; the illuminated books of monks; the carved ivory and the coins of all nations, which had been seen by our party, and probably many others, in cities previously visited.

We crossed over the Seine on the bridge called Pont Alexandre III. On each corner is a figure of Pegasus and of Fame. The bridge has five hundred electric lamps, and its statuary is gilded. It opens on Champ de Mars, which is lined with highly ornamented buildings, faced with staff, similar to the edifices of the Chicago World's Fair, and from this point was the finest view of the Exposition. Two rows of palaces extended to the right and to the left, with vast halls and double galleries in white-and-gold, and with beautiful frescoes. It was, indeed, a "dream city," and left nothing to be desired, except to see it illumined at night, which could be done on Friday and Sunday evenings only.

We entered the first building to the left, which was for Paris, and found it contained, on the first floor, crucifixes and emblems

of the Catholic church, and was filled with people. Up one flight of stairs, we saw rolls of Axminster carpet; rooms filled with modern furniture; silk embroidered satin bolsters, pillows and comforts; various medallion lamps; beautiful china and all sorts of decorated glassware. On the porch of this building were imitations of the walls of Luxor and statues from Nineveh, also varieties of huge cactus.

Two rides were to be given us by the Gaze company, and one morning at nine o'clock, we started for Versailles, the palace of Louis XIII, Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette, and Napoleon I and Marie Louise, his second wife. We rode through the Champs Elysees past the Arc de Triomphe, near which is the home of Anna Gould, Countess of Castellane. As we rode along, fan-like jets of water at the edge of the grass borders of the road made rainbow colors in the sunshine, producing a beautiful effect. Count Castellane's residence is of pink stone edged with white, and is surrounded with trees and shrubs, as are all the residences in its vicinity.

A little farther on, we enter the Bois de Boulogne, or woods of Boulogne, which is a park of many hundred acres in a state of nature, except for the cuttting away of the undergrowth near the drive. The trees are large but of second growth, the original forest having been destroyed. In this woods the Germans encamped and were shelled from Fort Velerian, which stands on a high hill near by. The Communists utterly destoyed the Tuilleries, built by Catherine de Medicis in what are now the Tuilleries Gardens. St. Cloud was also destroyed, but the blackened stones of the ruins have been put into two long terraces, which are now filled with flowers. Photographs of the place as it appeared after being laid waste are still on sale. We were shown the home of

Gambetta, the orator and statesman, at D'Avray, and also that of President Loubet, on Champs Elysees, which is surrounded by large grounds. We saw the race course and the grand stand, made of brick, where he viewed the races with his friends on the 14th of July, their day of independence. We saw also the wall of Paris, built in 1840, and which it has been proposed to destroy. It is sixteen feet high, with a coping, and looks as strong as though new.

The palace of Madame de Maintenon is called the Grand Trianon, and is the place where royalty used to come to get rid of pomp. It is one story in height and built to form a hollow square. The interior is painted white, and the gilding is in silver. The first room visited is called the "room of mirrors," there being several mirrors set in the wall. The chairs were upholstered in pink and white brocade. Next was a bed-room of Napoleon I, afterwards occupied by Louis Philippe, and next to it was the private study of the kings. In this was a table with a vase of platinum in the center. Then came Madame de Maintenon's private room, called the "room of columns," which has four columns, painted white. In the private room of Napoleon there was a portrait of Louis XV and his queen. The furniture was of 1840. There was a room with book-cases, and then one called the malachite room, with vases of that mineral, and candlebra presented by Alexander of Russia, to Henry IV. There was a highly polished inlaid table that once belonged to Empress Josephine, and in the ante-chamber of Napoleon was a marble bust of Marie Louise. The banquet room had chairs upholstered in green velvet—a change from the pink and white brocade of all the other rooms.

We passed on to St. Cloud, and then between rows of large

horse-chestnut trees, on foot, to our wagons at the other entrance and proceeded to the Palace of Versailles. This palace has not been occupied since the times of Louis Philippe. A terraced avenue lined with trees leads down to a lake, where once a barge holding a hundred persons afforded pleasure trips for the guests. The front of the palace looks out on four avenues, which, a mile distant, are crossed by a circular drive lined with trees. We saw the state carriages. That of Napoleon I is all in gold color, with a crown on the center of the top. Another, used by Empress Josephine after her divorce, is in gold and brown, and the coronation carriage of Charles X, which was also used at the baptism of the late Prince Imperial, is a gorgeous vehicle, with very heavy wheels, and cost over a million francs. Eight horses were required to draw the largest of the carriages.

In fresco, set in the center of the ceiling of the Royal chapel, is the inscription, "The Eternal God in all His Glory." The chapel was dedicated to Louis XVI by Louis XV. The next room is fifty-five by sixty feet in dimension, and is all in gilt, even to the window sashes. In it are brass lion andirons, marble brought from the Alps by Louis XIV, and an ivory carving from the ruins of Pompeii. It is said that Louis destroyed all of the accounts of the building of the palace, so that the people might not know the cost. The room in which Louis XV died is the most central room in the palace. Josephine and Marie Louise's portraits in oil were at each side of the mantel, and there was also a picture of an interview between Louis XV and Philip of Spain. There was a gambling room, where, it is said, none dared refuse to lend money to the king; and in the "room of peace," nineteen princes and princesses were born. In this room was a painting representing Louis XIII presenting the olive branch of peace to the

French nation. Louis Philippe sent the statues from Place de la Concorde to ornament the entrance to the Palace of Versailles, and also made the "Gallery of Battles," where, besides the battles of France, are busts of the heroes of France, a statue of Lafayette, and a representation of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

On our return route to Paris, we saw the manufactory for Sevres ware, the clay for which is brought from the province of Savoy.

The Louvre.

As we were about to enter the Louvre we were attracted by a new, large monument in the grounds near by. On examination it proved to be that of General Lafayette. On one side was written "Erected by the children of the United States in grateful memory of Lafayette, General and Statesman." On the other side were these words: "From the National Daughters of the American Revolution to the illustrious memory of Lafayette, the friend of America, the soldier of Washington and the patriot of two countries." It was a model, to be copied in stone. It gave me a thrill of pleasure to remember that this statue was the gift of the school children of the United States, and that many exhibitions for it had been held in Cleveland, and also that I was a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the Museum, there are statues of Jupiter, Thesis, Thetis, Venus, Juno, Etrurian sarcophagi and other sarcophagi from Egypt. Among the paintings are portraits of Bossuet, Hyacinthe, "Moses in the Bulrushes," "The Judgment of Solomon," by Poussin; "Ulyssus and his Father," by Claude Lorraine, and many others. There is a bust of Murillo, and "The Holy

Family," by Van Dyck, and in the Rubens collection there is a history of Marie de Medicis in the various portraits of herself and those connected with her. She is represented as a blonde, tall and of commanding appearance. Henry IV, her husband, is given with gray hair, but not a look of age. From the picture of Henry receiving the portrait of Marie de Medicis, there are paintings representing nearly every phase of their history, including that of Henry's assassination, up to the last, which is called "Felicity of Marie de Medicis in Heaven." An equestrian statue of Henry IV is near the Louvre, and the tower from which Catherine de Medicis ordered the beheading of the Hugenots is back of it. 1,500 were guillotined, but many fled to the island of Guernsey and thence to all parts of the world; thus turning Catherine de Medicis' attempt to stamp out Protestantism into the very means of scattering it broadcast.

La Madeleine.

We visited La Madeleine, which is certainly one of the finest of churches. Fifty-six pillars support a verandah that surrounds it. The interior is lighted from above, and an altar at one end has above it a marble statue of the Virgin Mary with a guardian angel at either side and twelve wax tapers burning. In niches in the walls outside are the following statues: St. Philip, St. Louis, St. Michael, St. Denis, St. Anne, St. Elizabeth, St.

Ferdinand, St. Christine, St. Jerome, St. Jennie of Valois, St. Gregory, St. Genevieve, St. Chrisostum, St. Marguerite de Cosse, The Angel Guardian, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Raphael, St. Agnes, St. Gregory of Tours, St. Agatha, St. Martin of Tours, St. Adelaide, St. Irene, St. Theresa, St. Cecile, St. Helena, St. Frances de Sales, St. Bernard and St. Gabriel. At the entrance are bronze tablets representing scriptural scenes. The music on Sunday morning was very low, and as we had been told it was the best in the city, was somewhat disappointing.

The cemetery of La Madeleine has an open court with arches on either side decorated in memory of the Swiss guard whose members were slain in the defence of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. This court leads to a large building where their remains were kept for many years before being removed to St. Denis, where they now rest, among those of the kings and queens of France.

The Hotel des Invalides is a barracks used for the soldiers wounded in Napoleon's battles, and was once a palace. The Monceau Gardens are the gift of a man who gave his home for a museum of antiquities. On July 14, 1900, a fete was held there for the Republic and speeches were made from the forum, which has pillars like the Roman forum. We passed the home of the great chocolate king, Menier, and then on to the Arc de Triomphe. The names of the 400 generals in Napoleon's army are inscribed on the interior. The Arc de Triomphe was begun in 1806 and finished in 1836. It has 376 steps, and from it are seen twelve avenues, which lead in every direction. It was completed to what is called the "first relief" in Napoleon's time, and its total cost was 27,000,000 francs.

Napoleon's tomb is all he could have desired had his life

terminated in success. "I hope," said he, "my remains may repose near the waters of the Seine and in the center of Paris among the people I love so well." And his wishes have been carried out.

At the right, after entrance, is the casket, in black and white marble, of Joseph, brother of Napoleon I and King of Spain. At the left, in an enclosure, is the tomb of Jerome, also brother of Napoleon, and that of Josephine Beauharnais. There is also a place left for Empress Eugenia. Napoleon III requested not to be buried here. In the center, as you look down over a balustrade, you see an immense casket on a pedestal, and this is where the ashes of Napoleon I repose. The dome above is beautiful with frescoes, and the numerous arches are brilliant with light. Spiral pillars of black-and-white marble surround a slab on which the last words of Napoleon, before mentioned, are inscribed. From the outside, the tomb might well be taken for a church, and can be seen from some distance on all the avenues leading to it.

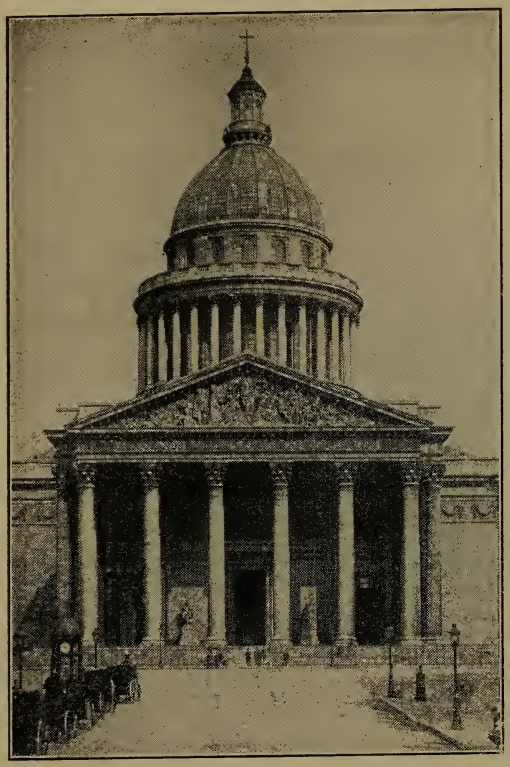
The Column Vendome is made from cannon taken in the battles of Napoleon, and has bronze tablets portraying the battles in which they were captured. A staircase leads to the top of the Column. We next visited Notre Dame, which has two towers similar to Westminster Abbey. This cathedral was begun when Paris was a Roman village, called Letitia, and had a population of 148 persons. Julian was the first king, reigning in 585. Charlemagne reigned in 860. After that the town was called Paris. Archbishop Denis, who ministered in this church, defended Louis XIII before the people, and said he hoped his own would be the last blood shed. He would not have his eyes bandaged before execution, and after being beheaded he walked fifty yards with his head in his hand. This is represented at the entrance. His statue shows him as if blessing the people. A

horrible piece of statuary is of a man trying to get out of his casket, with death standing behind him, and friends pleading with him to accept the inevitable. The main arch, with two side arches, of the church is very beautiful in effect, and the floor is of smooth white marble.

Notre Dame.

We visited the morgue and saw three unknown awaiting recognition by friends; then went to The Pantheon, where, in the crypt below, are the tombs of Voltaire, Bossuet, Carnot, Rousseau and others. Frescoes represent St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, as on her death-bed blessing the people. There is also one of Roman captives, which St. Genevieve pleads for. We visited the Saints' Chapel, erected by Charlemagne. In the basement is a room with many gilded arches, where servants hold their meetings. In the room above, the Diplomatic Corps now hold religious services. The tiled floor is in pale blue and white in regular pattern ; the pillars have each an ornament of different design, in red or blue, and the windows are of stained glass with

small figures, giving a warm glow to the room. Mass has been said but once a year since the Republic was established ; formerly it was said every month. Outside there is a large, airy hall where the Mayor issues his proclamations. It has marble floor and sides, with a ceiling of the same color.



The Pantheon.

After the two days given our party in carriage rides, with guides, some visited the Catacombs, where are the remains taken from old burying grounds that have been torn up as the city has been built. There are twelve miles of bones. The skulls are arranged in rows and the arms and legs are piled in order below them. Madame de Maintenon's remains are in this place, as she finally entered a convent and was buried in its grounds, which were afterwards appropriated to other uses.

Sunday was observed in Paris, although the Exposition was open on that day. The quiet that prevailed was as great as that in any other city on the Sabbath.

From the United States building we were told to go to the department of Social Economics, and from an English speaking officer obtained the monographs on American Social Economics

edited by Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, and Richard Waterman. There are nineteen pamphlets. Richard Waterman states that in 1855 Prince Albert opened the London Exposition to all nations, and found that progress was greatly stimulated by that course. Paris has also gained by her previous expositions. In 1876, William P. Wilson, of Philadelphia, secured as gifts from different nations material for a great museum. Paris offers rewards to institutions for preventing improvidence and improving moral and mental conditions; bringing about harmony between those working together; stimulating to ownership of homes; inducing respect for the character of young girls and mothers of families, and preserving and promoting the health of employes. The main conclusions arrived at in industrial betterment seem to be that as greater intelligence is required of employes in these days of labor-saving machinery and devices, better opportunities for both physical and mental improvement should be given them.

On Sunday evening we attended Wesleyan Chapel and heard De Witt Talmage, who had been engaged to preach on that night. His text was from Daniel xxx, 2, "If you are with God, you can do exploits." He thought the exploits in battles were about over and that our cannon would soon be spiked. He said that while we could not all be Morses, or Fultons or Edisons, the great exploit of all was to save a man or woman or child, and we might do that; then relating several happy instances where this had been done. The congregation laughed aloud at times. Three Hindus from India sang "Sweet Bye and Bye," and the pastor of the church, who seemed to be a man of fine perception, closed with a prayer full of excellent thoughts.

Pere Hyacinthe, we learned, had no church, but lectured

each Sunday. His son was in Germany preparing to become a journalist.

We attended the church of St. Roche, on St. Honore, famous for its music. By placing cannon on the steps of this church Napoleon dispersed the Royalist mob, Oct. 3rd, 1795. The Palais Legislatif was formerly the palace of the Bourbons, and is where Napoleon signed his final abdication. The tower of St. Joseph, on the Rue de Rivoli, is above the vault of Pascal, and is where he made his experiments in atmospheric pressure.

The Champ de Mars had an electric fountain, which was very fascinating, with its artistic setting of iridescent lights. The display of costumes fashioned by Paris modistes was reflected by large mirrors, and the laces, velvets and satins thus produced a fine effect. Crowds blocked the passage to the room where they were, but glimpses showed that the style of dress is becoming more and more graceful each decade. The telescopic views made up from photographs were large and genuine, and consequently interesting and instructive.

One convenience of the Exposition was a traveling platform with seats upon it, which moved around a circle and would land you at whatever building you wished to go, within its radius. Other restful helps were cabs at forty cents an hour, no matter how many occupied them, and sedan chairs at sixty cents, which carried one anywhere, whether inside the buildings or outside.

It was with regret and sadness that we left the beautiful Paris Exposition and the people who had been so courteous and kind.

Lucerne to Milan.

From Lucerne to Milan, the route is the most beautiful in all the Alps, with peak upon peak cultivated to the very top. The

small villages, with one church and its big square tower, are almost in sight of each other. Roads, smooth as asphalt, connect them either on the mountain sides or in the valleys. The first railroad was built by the united efforts of the four nations, Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy, and is cut into the sides of the mountains or pierced through them, with tunnels almost innumerable. Its cost is incalculable. The cars are with an open passage on one side, so that the tourist can have an unobstructed view of this wonderful panorama of mountains, hung, as it were, between these once hostile nations.

St. Gothard, except for its crown of snow, does not appear as high as many other peaks. In one place as we ascended we could see the same little white church with red roof, four times, as we wound gradually up the mountain.

We passed Mingo, the summer home of the King of Italy, and the beautiful Italian lakes, Lugano and Como, and arrived in Milan about nine hours after leaving Lucerne. Milan is in a valley. The great Cathedral is near the busy mart called "The Arcade." It has many statutes on the exterior, which do not appear life size, and are brown with the dust and grime of years. In the interior it is very dark, as the stained-glass windows are high and small. We desended to view the crypt of St. Charles, the architect, where lights are continually burning, and were served by an order of monks who have a small place shaven on the back of their heads about the size of an old fashioned copper.

The palace, which is opposite the cathedral, has thirty rooms open for reception, all of the regulation pattern, large and square and varying only in the color of their upholstering and the few statues or portraits of royalty.

The cemetery is said to be the best in Italy. It is a few

miles from the center of the city and was crowded with graves. One tomb had a marble covering which represented a sheet spread over it. Some small ones had the photograph of the person buried attached to the small tombstone. We went some miles further to view the "Last Supper," by Leonarda de Vinci.

From Milan to Venice the country appears as a great garden irrigated by numerous canals, large and small. The forts were covered with earth and are thus more easily defended. Two officers of the Italian army occupied seats in our compartment, and our courier, who understood four languages, interpreted their gossip, which was not flattering to either their integrity or morals.

CHAPTER XI.

Venice, Florence, Rome, The Pyramids.

Venice.

ENICE, a city of the sea, was founded in 810 A. D. It was a republic formed of the aristocracy, who were elected to office for life. Its wealth was greatly augmented during the crusades by transporting troops and merchandise. Samples of oriental industry, with splendor of color and delicacy of pattern served as models for their deft fingers. Ancient manuscripts were brought from Greece and a friendly asylum offered to men of learning and genius. The architecture and art show their origin. The Grand Canal, an arm of the sea, is the great highway, and the grand private residences are on either shore. Their peculiarity is the delicate and ornate window-sashes, similar to those of the Saracens, and sometimes a porch with pillars supporting it, of our colonial style. All smaller canals are branches of the Grand, so that the water is clean and fresh with the tides.

From the top of the Campenile we could see the few islands on which Venice is situated. There are 368 churches and about as many palaces. In the Doges' palace the frieze of one room is composed of the heads of the one hundred and sixty-eight Doges. They were elected by the senators, and ruled for life. The Council of Ten, to assist the Doge in his decisions, elected the three who decided the punishment of criminals. One Doge's head was covered with crape because he was a traitor to his trust.

We walked over the Bridge of Sighs, which leads from the Palace of Justice to the dungeons, and entered some of the rooms. There were blocks of wood that served as bed and seat, and the food was pushed through a grating. When the prisoners were executed the body was dropped into the sea through a hole, covered with a large stone, and the blood let through two separate apertures. The Senate Chamber has four sides painted by Tintorreta. One was the battle with the Turks, with their quaint ships of many oars. The outer porch has busts of senators with name and date of birth and death. It is a record of them and worthy of emulation. The Campenile is a square tower built of brick and has a sloping ascent in the interior, turning at every corner, where there is a large window giving abundance of light. Napoleon rode up this ascent of 471 feet on horseback.

St. Marks, also on the Plaza, is brilliant in the interior with paintings in mosaics set in gold, only detected when the sun shines upon them. Service was being held, and we therefore did not see the pillars said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple. On the Plaza outside a band of music was discoursing and tables were filled with those partaking of refreshments. Theodore was formerly the patron saint, but in 1336 St. Mark was brought from Egypt, and the winged lion placed on a pillar, and that of Theodore on another pillar to guard, as it were, the entrance to this public square. It was here that, that Sabbath morning, the doves flew to us in great numbers to receive the corn proffered, which we bought in cornucopias. They sat on our shoulders, head and hands and gathered around our feet, and would fly away in flocks as quickly as they came. The gondolas are all black, a command of the city government, for when in

colors the rivalry to outdo each other prevented any profit. They are neat and furnished with easy seats and cushions.

FLORENCE

Florence, the home of Savonarola, Dante, and other noted men, is on the River Arno. We visited the art stores, where we found the cheapest and most artistic pieces of statuary suitable for private residences. One, of Michael Angelo as a boy with a mallet in his hand, bringing out the angel enclosed in the block of marble; another, a girl with a handful of grapes; another with Gainsborough hat shading an innocent-looking face; and yet another, of two girls reading from a large book. Prices were from eight to twenty-five dollars each. There is a great deal of life in Florence. In the large depot the floor was of marble. There was a statue in the center, and seats around it. Soldiers, priests and newsboys jostled each other in hearty good nature.

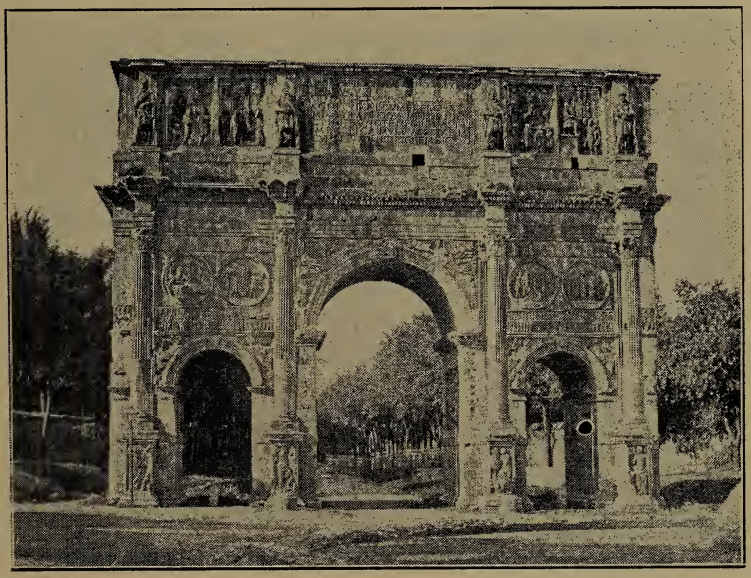
Rome.

New Palace of the Cæsars.

Rome, the Eternal City, is built on seven hills so graded that they are not discernable except as you approach the Coliseum. The houses are of plastered brick, their yellow tone giving a cheerful aspect even on a cloudy day. St. Peter's church, the great attraction, is connected with the prison Castle Angelos by a private passage to be used by the Popes in case of danger, and is approached by a bridge over the muddy Tiber, guarded by many statues with flowing robes, the work of Michael Angelo; hence its name of Angelos. The church of St. Peter has a large leather door, which swings inward. Beggars were seated there,

Roman Gate to Appian Way.

who had tortured themselves to excite sympathy, some having red eyes, armless sleeves and other deformities. Within the church all was light, brilliant and beautiful beyond description. Various arches surrounded the great dome, and under each was the statue of a pope, in sitting posture and of heroic size, with the name written above. In the center of the church is St. Peter's tomb. Under a canopy above it some candles as big as a man's arm were burning.



Arch of Titus.

Old Rome is being preserved ; the Coliseum has many of its arches renewed with brick or strengthened with iron clasps. The underground passages are laid bare, moss has grown over the stones, but as you look at tier upon tier of seats you understand the reason for the frenzy of the actors in the arena.

The Arch of Titus is near the Coliseum, and through it we rode to the Roman Gate that opens on the Appian Way. This Appian Way is narrow, with a wall on one side built of cobble stones and cement and protected by a plaster coping. The tomb of Matilda is the best preserved. It is of circular shape and of great height. We passed the Catacombs and saw in the distance the Sabine hills and the summer residence of the Pope.

Roman Gate.

St. Paul's church is outside of the city limits. It is next to St. Peter's in magnificence. It has a rich facade and a porch on three sides where are statues of the apostles and other scriptural personages. Forty-six marble pillars divide the nave into five aisles, and here we saw a frieze composed of the heads of all the popes. The tomb of St. Paul and St. Peter is covered by a canopy, and steps lead below to the tomb of Timothy. At each side of the steps were statues of St. Peter and St. Paul in heroic size, St. Peter holding the keys, and St. Paul addressing the multitude. The hall at the entrance has a large painting depicting the conversion of St. Paul as he hears the words, "Why persecutest thou Me?" Five chapels open from this room, with doors having gratings, so that we could observe the interior.

The Vatican has more than four thousand rooms, and twenty court yards. The paintings of Raphael are most admired, and are Bible history on canvas. The Sixtine Chapel, built by Pope Sixtus VI, in 1473, is 50 by 150 feet. On the wall facing the entrance is "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo. The

frescoes of Moses and others, on the ceiling, must be viewed by a mirror held in the hand. On the sides are scenes in the life of Christ.

Arch of Statues in the Capitol at Rome.

The Capitol is now used as a museum. As you ascend the stairs, to the right is a room with the art of Pompeii, and to the left, the hall of Philosophy, where are busts of Seneca, Socrates, Homer, Cæsar Augustus, Alexander the Great, and others. The Pantheon, a circular building, is in the heart of the city, and was built in 27 B. C. by Agrippa. It was destroyed by Titus, and restored by Hadrian. In 608 A. D. it was dedicated to to the virgins and martyrs, by Boniface IV. It is lighted only from above. Within, among others was the tomb of Victor Emanuel, with the inscription in Latin, "Father of His Country." As we left the city for Naples, the old acqueduct was to be seen above ground,

Tomb of Cestus.

and gave a historical meaning to an otherwise barren plain. We passed the birth place of Cicero. Windows of dwelling houses are on hinges, and were thrown open to let in the air, giving the houses a deserted appearance. Some had curtains flapping in the wind. No smoke arose from Vesuvius as we approached the beautiful city by the sea. We stopped at Hotel Continental, on the Bay, and close to the soldiers' barracks, which was once a fort.

At ten the next morning we started for Pompeii, passing the long street of Giovanni, which follows the Bay. Macaroni was hanging out on boards to dry, much as we would dry apples. Street cars had a division across them for first and second-class seat At the entrance to Pompeii we stopped at Hotel Diomede for luncheon. We had Scotch lemonade, which is pure lemon juice in water; small black oysters and macaroni soup, Sicily oranges, grapes and pears. We passed through a lane with immense cati, orange and lemon trees, and through an old gateway and entered a yard paved with blocks of lava. At the right is the Museum, with models of what has been unearthed in Pompeii. The most striking were the preserved bodies of persons, which were contorted as only their appalling death would warrant. Shelves contained cups, lamps and utensils of all kinds.

The streets of Pompeii were narrow, and the crossings were of three stones the size of small grindstones, with spaces between for wheels of chariots. The sidewalks were of beautiful mosaic, preserved by a coat of ashes, and extended to the doors of the residences. The houses were roofless, but showed many apartments. The temples of Mercury and Venus are large and filled with pedestals on which once stood statues of eminent men of Rome. Pompeii was a seaside resort, for the wealthy of that

city. There is a hill of lava reaching from Pompeii to Vesuvius, six miles away.

The next morning we secured three horses and a carriage and rode over the same ground to the great volcano. The lava fields looked like deep plowing of wet land, the furrows having taken all sorts of fantastic shapes and hardened into stone. The road was wide, hard and smooth, and steep. Olive trees, like our crab apple trees, lined the way or stood in gardens with fig trees, which have very twisted and large branches. Our guide brought us olives on a branch of the tree.

At the cable railway was one of Cook's hotels, where we had lunch. We waited two hours for our opportunity to ride, as the cars would carry but twelve, and a company of anthropologists then in convention in Naples, were crowding the cars. When we alighted we had a steep ascent to climb, either by being carried in a Sedan chair, or by holding to a loop on the end of a pole and being led or pulled up by a boy. Some were examining a place where smoke was rising, and we did the same, only to have our nostrils filled with sulphurous odors. The crater has large rocks in its center, and outside of them the soft lava was being deposited. Here we had three coppers thrown into the lava and covered with it, looking like eggs in a nest, and paid a franc each. Our guide, who led us from the cable to the crater, rode a donkey beside us to the city. It was dark as we returned, and the lights of Naples blended with that of the stars. The black lava of the roadway gave no reflection, and we asked our driver to light the lamps of the carriage. But they went out for lack of oil, and when halted by a policeman in the city, he gave the excuse of his long ride to Vesuvius, we paid his fine, and passed on.

From Naples to Port Said the sea was very rough. A sailor came to our state-room to fasten the window, but we asked him to leave it open for air, and within a half hour a lurch of the vessel brought a wave of the sea upon us. We received not only a reprimand, but a fine of a pound sterling for the disaster. We passed Mount Ætna in the day time and saw its smoke, and were also near the hills of Greece. On reaching Port Said, many went on shore, but we preferred to spend the money in the purchase of embroidery, made of gold thread on white kid, and jewelry, brought on board by the natives. Ismalia is forty miles above, on the canal, and for the first time we saw a view so often pictured of oriental countries. Hills of yellow sand against the bright blue sky, tall palms, and the acacia, so like our locust trees, with pendent pods of seed. Here is the summer residence of Ismail Pasha, also one of M. DeLesseps,and many other noted men. They are of one story with wide verandas, and near the street, with yards at the sides and back of them, filled with shrubs and flowers.

At Cook's hotel we met thirty persons from England, going to their winter home at Cairo. One lady said they had come there for thirty-five years. She had two grown daughters, and a husband who ended each sentence with "ah!"

The railroad to Cairo from Ismalia passed through several villages where young girls sold us dates or oranges. We saw the buffalo cows with bent horns, large in size, of a dun color, and which are used for plowing. The people use the same plow as of scriptural times, which is a stick with a pointed end; but this soil is soft as sand and easily worked. Shepard's Hotel, D'Angleterre, and others were full. We went to the Geezarah Hotel, the former residence of Ismail Pasha. The kiosk in the yard

was once the harem, now used as a concert and dance hall. The palace is three stories high, and has a yard with twenty-four marble statues and as many lamps, also, beds of flowers. A pharmacy was on one side of it, and a rock work that resembled a castle was opposite. From the windows of our room we could see the race-course and the barracks of the soldiers, who awoke us with their bugles, and also the pyramids of Cheops.

It was with strange feelings that we looked on the landscape familiar to the Israelites and saw the island said to have been the home of the Holy Family when they sojourned in Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod. From the flat roof of the hotel we counted thirteen pyramids and saw the sluggish Nile, which was crossed by many bridges. Coal oil was on its surface at one point.

Arabian Village.

The morning we visited Cheops was bright with sunshine. Sand storms frequently occur, and these we wished to avoid. Our two dapple-gray Arabian horses covered the seven miles in less than an hour. We passed camels laden with brush or sugar cane, and often with baskets of sand on either side, weighing 225 pounds each. This is used to make drier the soft black soil of the Nile. The sand storms answer the same purpose. At the foot of Cheops is a grand hotel called the Mena. Shops for curios and a barbar shop were in the yard. The ascent to the pyramids is steep and smooth, and

three times the horses refused to travel up it. At last the dragoman left his seat by the driver, took hold of the bridle and began to lead them, when they suddenly lifted him off his feet and galloped up the winding road to the very entrance of the pyramid. He lost his grasp and came running to us almost breathless in a few minutes.

There were tourists within the pyramid, one a lady, so we decided to ascend the interior rather than the outside. We were accompanied by three guides, one the son of the sheik in attendance at the door. We went up on the outside to a door, and thence descended thirty-seven feet. The steps are only notches in a broad polished stone, and about six inches apart. We then turned and went up as many steps, and there had a place to rest. The darkness could be felt, and the heat was so great every thread next the skin was wet. Before us was an opening that led to the Queen's Chamber, and on one side, a steep passage down to the water, where were stalactites. One of our guides brought us two specimens, for which he charged one shilling each of English money. At a dizzy height we could see a company with candles, and we could hear the voice of a woman. We waited for them and asked if it would pay to go up there.

The lady said, "It is difficult."

One gentleman advised seeing the Queen's Chamber, near to us. We stooped nearly double, walked in this position sixty-seven feet, then crept through the low doorway and arose in a room 16 by 17 feet and 19 feet high. It had sides of dark marble, highly polished, and a peaked roof of the same rectangular slabs, so joined as not to show a seam. There was a recess in which once stood the sarcophagus of the queen, which is now in the British Museum.

By the light of calcium wire, we read the names of Hume and McKenzie. Here, we learned, Rawlinson, Wilkinson, and Harriet Martinau had been. We returned to the gallery and made the ascent to the King's Chamber, in the apex of the pyramid. The long slab of marble on which we walked was highly polished, and the notches for steps were far apart; our guides, in bare feet, could walk upon it, but, with shoes, we had to be assisted at either side, and one had to carry the candle. The room was square, with flat ceiling and the same polished sides, of dark gray marble. But no names were written on the sides and there was no casket nor place for one. The guides asked again and again for money, saying they did the hard work, but the sheik got most of the pay.

"Wait until we get to the day-light, and we will pay you," we said each time.

When we got where light appeared, I offered them two silver dollars, and they demanded more. I had no change but a gold crown, and to change it, one opened a purse filled with gold and silver to the amount of a hundred pounds. They took eight shillings, which was due them, but we were glad to escape them at any cost.

The Sphinx is but five minutes' ride on a camel from the Pyramid of Cheops, but friends had waited two hours for our perilous adventure, and we went with them to the Hotel Mena for luncheon, and to arrange a dishevelled toliet. The height of this pyramid, 475 feet, is accurately reckoned from the River Nile. The second is 455 feet, but has no opening. The former was said to contain treasure, and the Arabs, when they came into possession, opened it many feet above the real entrance, hence the turn in the passage, to regain the stairway.

Cheops was twenty years in construction, employing 160,000 men, with food of garlic and bread, which cost 1,600 talents, or $1,000,000.

The Hotel Mena, at its foot, is ornate with scroll work in dark wood. The ornamentation is on the sides of the porch, encloses the vestibule and decorates the parlor and halls. The gong was lightly thrummed by a servant, and a procession of ladies

The Sphinx.

and gentlemen followed him to the dining hall. In the shops of curios we purchased some mats ornamented with beetles' wings, and admired the exhibit of Indian and Arabian work. In the shops of Cairo we found the same, and English ladies demanding bargains never heard of at home. The table spreads, worked with silk or tinsel, are one-third the price we pay for them to Armenians.

The Mosque of Mohammed Ali is fashioned after St. Sophia, of Constantinople, and is built of alabaster brought from Syria.

When we entered its court, we tied on heeless yellow slippers. In the court is an octagon fountain, and on each side are two faucets, with a trough below. We entered the Mosque from this point. The center dome is surrounded by four half-domes, and at the angles are smaller domes, making a beautiful cluster. Below these are windows with panes of solid red, blue, green and yellow glass. Below these windows is a narrow gallery for the ladies of the harem. Above the west entrance is represented, in gold color, the setting sun. In the corner at the right is the tomb of Mohammed Ali, enclosed by a gilded railing. The Persian rugs are of bright green or red. While we were there a Moslem came in and said his prayers on the carpet, and departed.

In the Boolak Museum, in the first room are numerous caskets containing mummies; one of Seti I, and another of Rameses II, who ruled Egypt at the time of the exodus. He has a narrow face, prominent Roman nose, and receding, high forehead. That of Seti I was wide between the eyes and had a broader face. The jewelry in cases was of gold beaten thin, and of poor pattern. We were deterred from going to Jerusalem by the rainy season, although it is but one and a half day's ride from Cairo.

In Alexandria, at the Hotel Abbott, we had pleasant rooms near the business part of the city. Pompeys Pillar is 300 feet high and stands in a desolate cemetery, where we saw tombs made of boards, and out of one came a beggar. They offered us chips of the monument, and, indeed, the base was marred with cuts and breaks. We followed the canal to the khedive's residence. It was more than two years since the "Wadena" of Cleveland, Ohio, was there, but our guide remembered it. We

passed a new residence of the pasha, and the harem of red brick, with blue shutters. We waited for steam cars to pass, which were filled with dark skinned people, the gentlemen all wearing the red fez. The pasha's garden had a high, broad walk leading up to a circle, where there was a marble statue of Columbus holding a spear, on which was marked "Spain," and a globe, marked "Atlantic." Numerous statues were on the avenues leading from the circle, but they were of pottery, painted white and the paint was scaling off. On each side of the central walk was a large grove of orange trees laden with ripe fruit, which was offered us outside the gate at the rate of a penny each, and they were of the Messina variety. We returned by a different route, and saw over the door of one large building, "English College." On this avenue were two-story square residences, the homes of the wealthy class.

At Algiers the warship "Chicago" was anchored, on its way to Japan, and was cheered by all on board our vessel. This city is all in sight and very beautiful, as it is built of white stucco, and lies tier upon tier on the hills that surround the harbor. Nearly all passengers went ashore. At a tobacco shop the proprietor said he had spent many years in the United States, but Algiers was good enough for him. His English was perfect.

At Gibralter 5,000 British soldiers were stationed. The hillside was honey-combed with cannon. Pullies were bearing baskets up and down to provide the necessaries of life to those who resided on the top. Soon our vessel was surrounded with craft, selling their wares, and as it was our last stopping place before reaching New York, all articles found ready sale. Foot cushions in leather, silk handkerchiefs, shawls, brass ware and many other things of Oriental manufacture were among them.

As the interest of travel on land ceased, we took notice of our passengers, and learned that a most noted shipbuilder was on board, wishing to see what was the greatest need of a ship in a storm at sea. Perhaps the tons of water coming through the fresh air pipes may lead to some method of prevention.

We had a New York philanthropist who gave money earned by betting on the speed of the vessel, to the steward of steerage passengers, who broke his leg in two places in a recent storm. We arrived in New York the 27th of January, with our vessel covered with ice, but with no serious losses, and with the thought that the most distant places of the earth are not far away, as their distance must be reckoned by the time it takes to reach them, and that rapid transit will ultimately make this world a very small ball, and all nations our neighbors.

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